

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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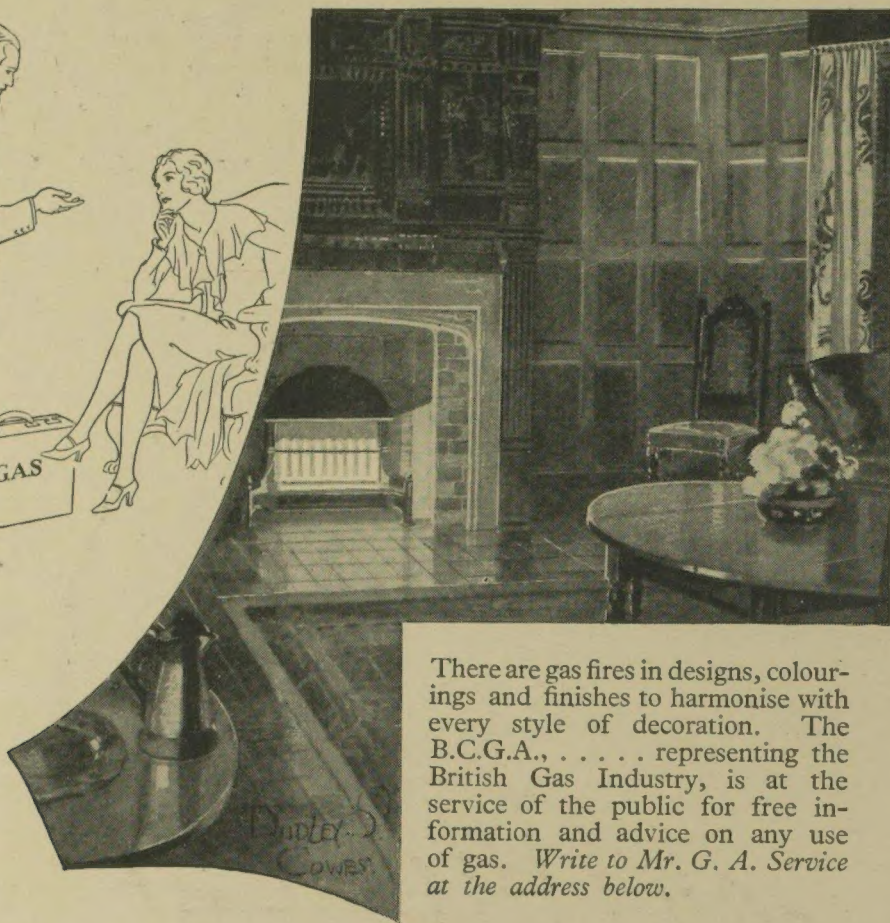
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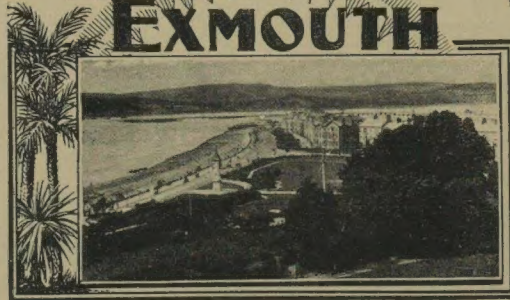
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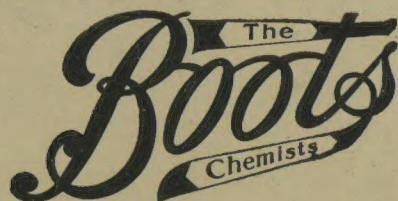
Shaving comfort depends upon a fair deal between the razor, the brush and the soap. You attend to your razor by stropping it, you renew your brush as soon as ever that is necessary, and in order to complete the perfect shave you must use a shaving soap which has been specially prepared, and which is guaranteed to give a free, foamy lather without in any way injuring the skin. Next time use



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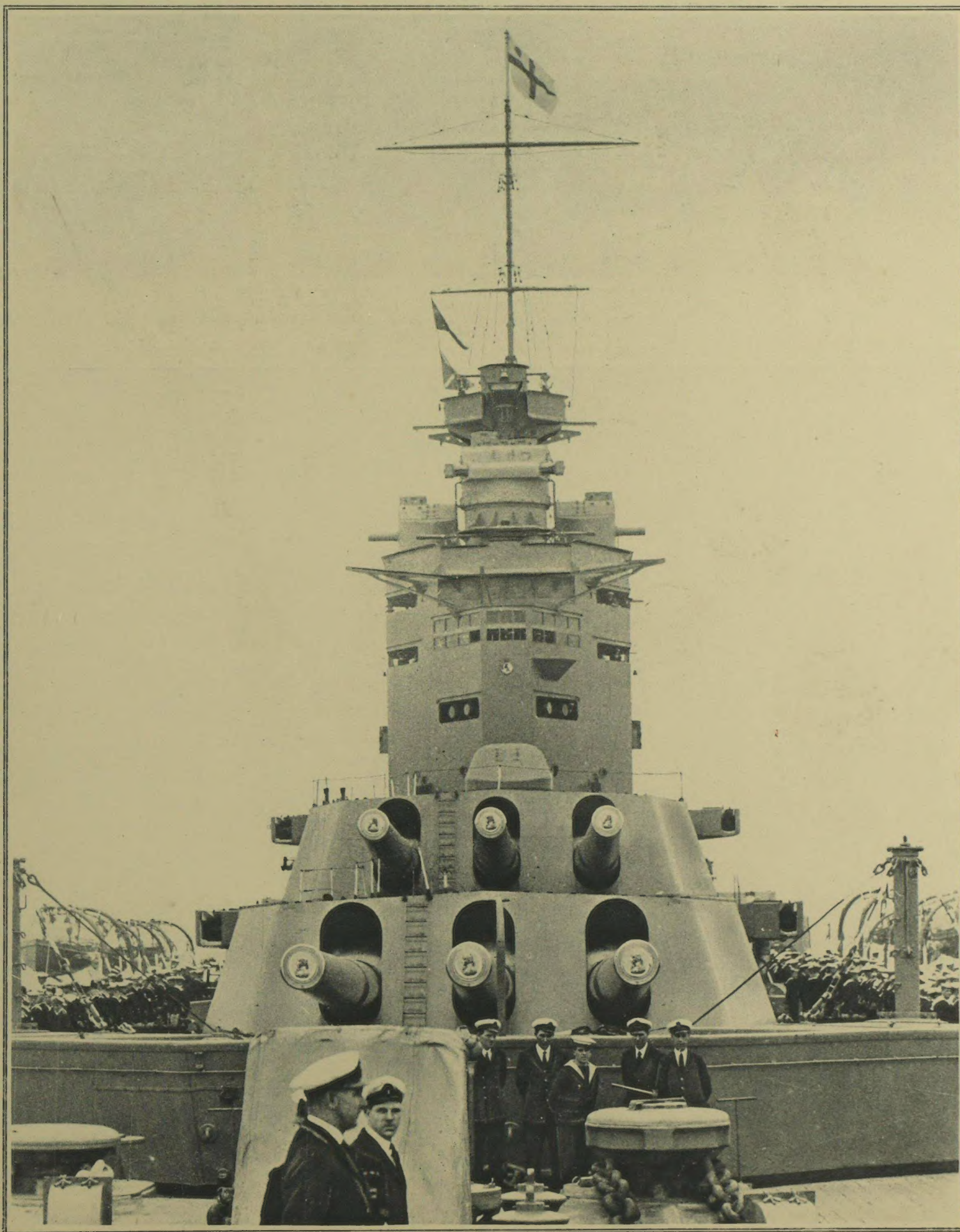
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1930.

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CAPITAL SHIPS DISCUSSED AT THE NAVAL CONFERENCE: 16-INCH GUNS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "NELSON."

Officially, H.M.S. "Nelson" and H.M.S. "Rodney," each of which, with her guns, cost nearly six-and-a-half million pounds, are to be scrapped in 1942, although they were completed as recently as 1927. It may be, however, that, as a result of the present Five-Power Naval Conference, their "lives" will be prolonged. As far as is known at the moment, Great Britain may announce her willingness to construct no new battle-ship before 1936, and to lengthen the "life" of battle-ships now in

commission; while the United States may endeavour to get battle-ships (capital ships) abolished by all the Navies; and Japan may state her readiness to ban battle-ships if the other nations ban them, and, in any case, to agree to a postponement of battle-ship building. Great Britain may also suggest a reduction of the calibre of guns from 16-inch to 12-inch or 10-inch. Incidentally, it may be added that the "Nelson's" main armament is nine 16-inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns, and six 4.7-inch guns.

SEEKING TO BUILD "AN EDIFICE OF PEACE": THE KING

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"WE HAVE COME HERE TO TRY TO FIND A SOLUTION ACCEPTABLE TO ALL, OF BENEFIT TO ALL, AND OF BENEFIT TO THE PEACE AND STABILITY OF THE WORLD": MR. HENRY L. STIMSON, OF THE UNITED STATES, MAKING HIS SPEECH IN THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



THE ROYAL SPEECH THAT WAS BROADCAST TO THE WORLD
VIEW IN THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS
POWER NAVAL

OPENING THE FIVE-POWER LONDON NAVAL CONFERENCE.

IN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.



AND RECORDED FOR THE GRAMOPHONE: A GENERAL
WHILE HIS MAJESTY WAS INAUGURATING THE FIVE-
CONFERENCE.



WELCOMING THE DELEGATES "ASSEMBLED WITH THE OBJECT OF ELIMINATING THE EVIL RESULTS OF WASTFUL
COMPETITION IN NAVAL ARMAMENTS": THE KING READING HIS SPEECH IN THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE
OF LORDS ON JANUARY 21—THE PRIME MINISTER STANDING BEHIND HIS MAJESTY.



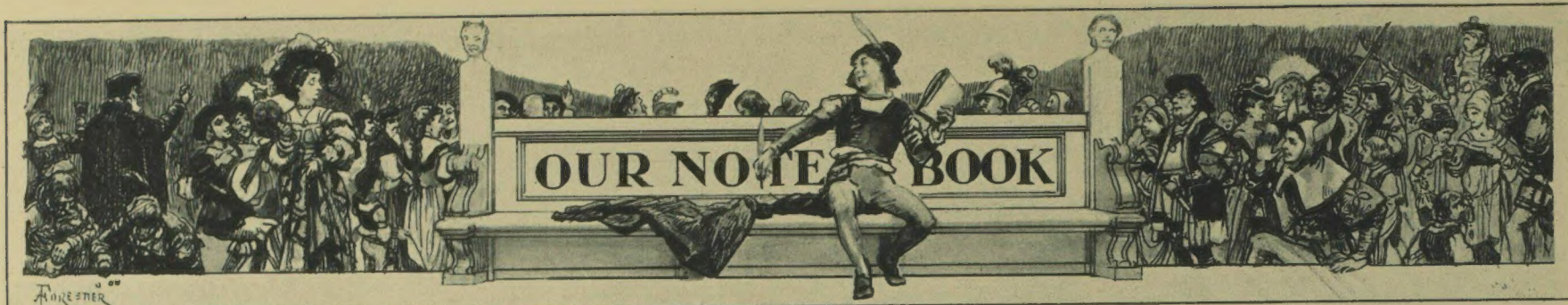
THE PRIME MINISTER SPEAKING AFTER THE KING HAD INAUGURATED THE CONFERENCE: "THE WAY OF GREAT BRITAIN IS ON THE SEA, FOR IT



IS A SMALL ISLAND. . . ITS DEFENCE AND ITS HIGH-ROADS HAVE BEEN THE SEA. . . OUR NAVY IS NO MERE SUPERFLUITY TO US: IT IS US."

His Majesty the King returned to London from Sandringham on January 20, in order that he might inaugurate the Five-Power Naval Conference on the following day. In the afternoon, he received the Chief Delegates, representatives of the United States of America, France, Italy, Japan, and Great Britain; representatives of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, The Union of South Africa, the Irish Free State, and India; and the Assistant Delegates and Senior Advisers. On the morning of the 21st he drove to the House of Lords, in the Great Gallery of which he opened the Conference with a speech that was broadcast to the world and recorded for the gramophone. In the course of this, he said: "It is with sincere satisfaction that I am present here to welcome the delegates of the five principal Naval Powers, assembled with the object of eliminating the evil results of wasteful competition in naval armaments. . . . Since the Great War all Peoples have determined that human statecraft shall leave nothing unturned to prevent a repetition of that grim and immense tragedy. In the Edifice of Peace which we are seeking to build, one of its most important columns is agreement between maritime nations on the limitation of naval

strength and a reduction to a point consistent with national security. The practical application of the principle of the reduction of naval armaments has in the past proved a matter of supreme difficulty. A great success was achieved at the conclusion of the Washington Treaty in 1922 by imposing certain limitations on the construction of capital ships and aircraft-carriers, but, hitherto, all efforts to advance beyond that point have failed. The Countries are animated with the single-minded intention of working, not with any selfish and exclusively nationalistic purpose, but with the noble inspiration and resolve to remove once and for all this particular obstacle from the path of ordered and civilised progress. All nations have varying needs, demanding special consideration, but, guided by those needs, will be determined to make some sacrifices to the common good. . . ." His Majesty, who was received by the assemblage, standing, entered the Royal Gallery escorted by the Prime Minister and the Lord Great Chamberlain, and spoke standing before his seat at the centre of the horse-shoe table of the delegates. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took a place immediately behind the King, on whose right were the French representatives, and on whose left were the British.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST modern titles and slogans have to say the precise opposite of what they mean, for the sake of brevity. Sometimes the organisers are so sincere as to explain this immediately afterwards, and use the sub-title to prove that the title is not true. A little while ago a series of short stories appeared, proclaiming in its editorial title that each author had chosen his best story. But the editor, who evidently suffered from intelligence (and it does sometimes entail suffering), was perfectly well aware that no sane author would say that any one story was absolutely and in all aspects the best; indeed, a sane author is more likely to be hag-ridden with the horrid memory of the worst. So the editor put in a note to explain his own title, which he said was necessary, because it was so much shorter. It is true that the phrase "My Best Story" is very much shorter than the more accurate phrase, "I think this story is one of the relatively few by which I might consent that people should judge my general intelligence, such as it is." It is also true that the phrase "This story is utter trash" is very much shorter than the phrase "This story is not, fairly considered, quite absolute and utter trash." But they do not, to say the least of it, mean the same thing. And selecting the shorter would be unwise, even in a publicity expert.

A rather similar problem arose about a recent selection of English Essays, made and introduced by Lord Birkenhead. It was a very good selection, and it was not alone in suffering from the particular problem. In large letters on the title-page it had to bear the title of "The Hundred Best English Essays"; and in the very first words of the introduction Lord Birkenhead very sensibly said that there could not possibly be any such thing as "The Hundred Best English Essays." He proceeded, in a very frank and sympathetic manner, to explain that it was not only impossible for anybody to do anything except make a reasonable collection of very good essays, but that he (for his part) had practically put in all the essays simply because he liked them. I really do not know what else any one can do with essays but like them—except, of course, if one has such darker reactions, dislike them. Of all forms of literature, they are perhaps the least to be fitted into the old standards of judgment, by which it was in some sense possible to legislate for the drama or the ode. But anyhow, there is something a little amusing about the claims of publicity and business requiring us to reverse all that we mean, in order to get anybody to listen to what we say. There is something comic about sacrificing everything to the head-line, and letting it insist that the article should stand on its head.

I did not mention this book of essays, however, with the purpose of passing in review all its essays, still less the nature of the essay. I have to thank the compiler for bringing back many good things I may have missed or forgotten; but the one which especially caught my eye and concerns my pen is an excellent study by a critic lately dead of a poet whom he knew well and of whom he writes admirably. I refer to the essay on Swinburne by Sir Edmund Gosse. It contains any amount of matter upon which others could pronounce with much more

authority than I can. I only met Swinburne once; and, though I met Gosse a great many times, I would never claim to have got past the guard of that polished rapier any more than anybody else. I had one letter from him about Stevenson, which I count one of the great honours of my life; for the rest, I was only one of a crowd of younger men to whom he was both ironical and kind. But there is something in the general and very vivid picture of Swinburne which he presents, which makes me inclined to linger, perhaps belatedly, on that name; and on the poetry which, as poetry, was as straight as a singing arrow, but, considered as philosophy, has always puzzled me very much. In other words, if we consider the target of the arrow, we find that there is nothing to consider; it is not even so clear a concentric scheme as a labyrinth; it is rather a labyrinth without a centre.

In plain words, after reading Gosse's essay again, I asked myself, "What on earth did Swinburne

he supposed that anything, even a Utopia, could be made of such flames and foamings. Surely he was not hoping for a republic in which all the citizens should be free to bite each other? Surely the hounds of spring, so hopefully upon winter's traces, were not all of them frothing at the mouth like mad dogs?

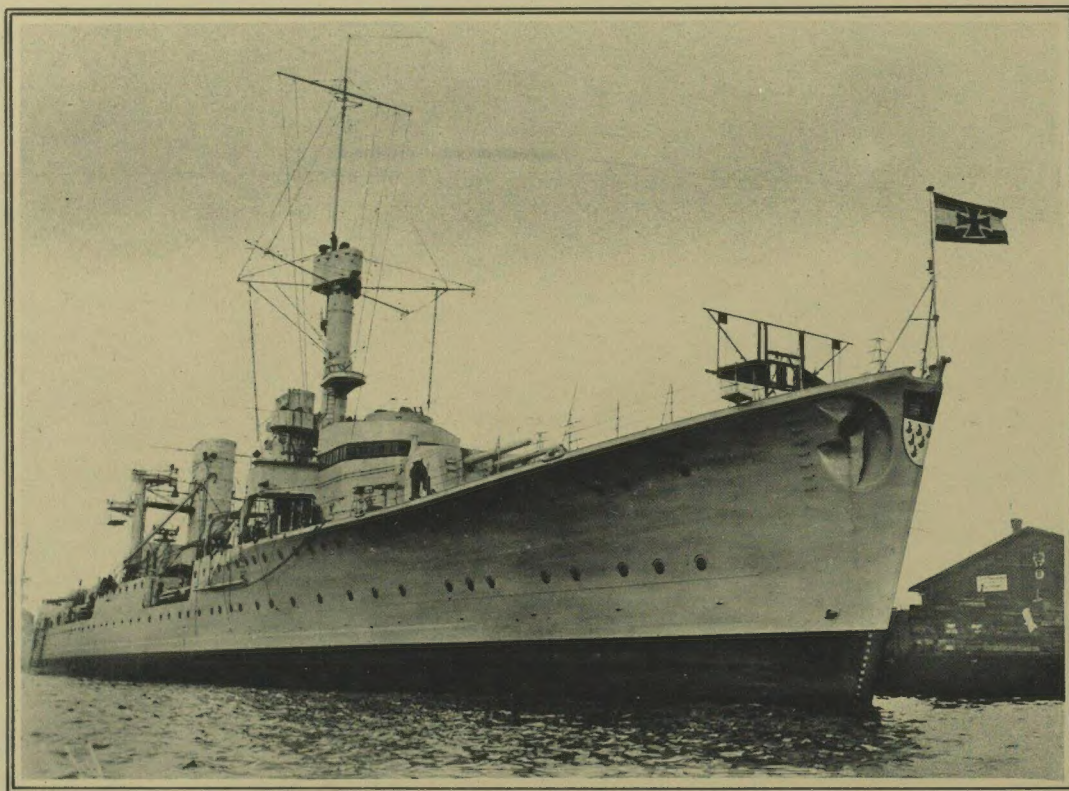
Yet it is his taste in virtue rather than his taste in vice that puzzles me. In the worst and most world-famous of all his lines, he wrote something about the raptures and roses of vice and the lilies and languors of virtue. The obvious thing to say is that he cannot have known much about virtue, if he thought it was languid. But, to do him justice, his own appeals to public virtue were anything but languid. When talking of his own favourite type, which used to be called Republican Virtue, he seems to have understood all that Roman dignity and decency which he tore to rags in his ravings about sex. He used another nonsensical tag about somebody being "noble and nude and antique." So good a scholar ought to have known that, in the real world of the antique, a noble would never have desired to be nude. He would have regarded it as the mark, not of a noble, but a slave. In reality Swinburne knew all this; indeed, one could hardly be a friend of so very ancient a Roman as Landor without knowing it.

Then again, the Pagan philosophy he pitted against Christianity is a mass of such inconsistencies. In "Songs Before Sunrise" he offers Pantheism as the religion of the revolution. Pantheism may or may not be a good creed for a philosopher; Pantheism is certainly in one sense a very good creed for a Pagan philosopher. But Pantheism is a hopeless creed for a revolutionist. If all things are equally divine, then the tyrant and the bigot are as divine as the tribune and the truth-seeker. In "Hertha" he imagines the universe as a vast tree, out of which all things in turn bud and bloom; and then takes refuge in the miserable metaphor of saying that "creeds" are merely worms that have got into the bark—the devil knows how. If all things are equally unfolded from one natural root, the worms of oppression are as natural as the flowers of freedom. If

they came otherwise, then the universe is not universal; and the worm in the tree of nature is as theological as the snake in the tree of knowledge. There might, indeed, be a war of spring sproutings against dead leaves or decayed fruit; but that only means that each is equally good in its season. And what is the good of a revolutionary creed that cannot denounce a tyrant in his season of strength? I believe that this folly of making Pantheism the creed of liberals has a great deal to do with the decline of liberal politics and the reactions against it to-day. Hertha, explaining (at some length) that she is everything, remarks, if I remember right—

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss.

It will strike a thoughtful mind that such arrows are rather likely to miss. William Tell will not fight well for Freedom if he thinks that he and his bow and the target and the tyrant are all the same thing.

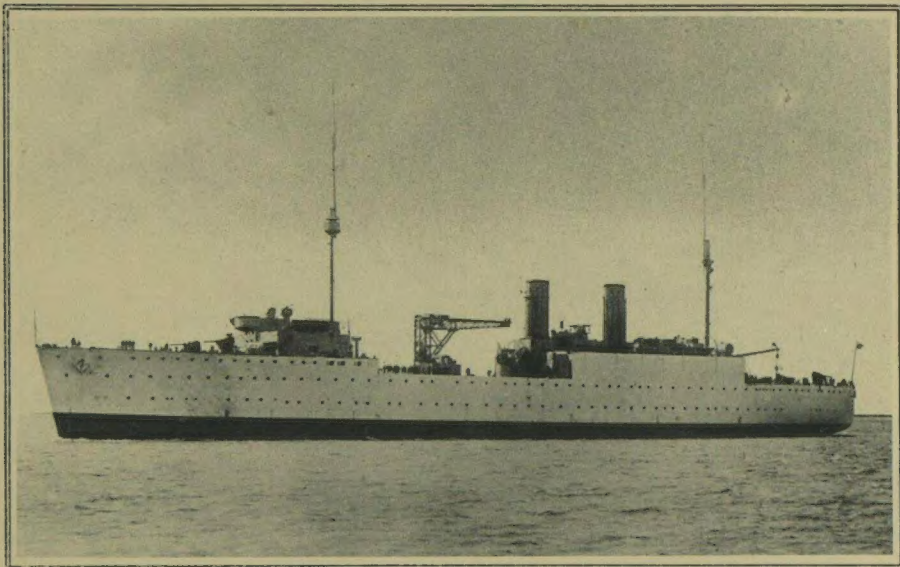


A TYPE OF SHIP CAUSING DISCUSSION AT THE NAVAL CONFERENCE: THE NEW GERMAN CRUISER "KÖLN," JUST AFTER HAVING BEEN PUT INTO COMMISSION—AN ADDITION TO GERMANY'S FLEET BUILT UNDER TREATY LIMITS ON "WEIGHT-SAVING" PRINCIPLES.

As noted under our double-page of drawings by Dr. Oscar Parkes in this number, showing the latest types of cruisers built by the five Powers represented at the Naval Conference and by Germany, this class of ship is likely to prove the chief point of discussion at the Conference. The "Köln" belongs to the same class as the "Königsberg," one of the ships illustrated by Dr. Parkes. The following particulars of them are given in "Jane's Fighting Ships"—displacement, 6000 tons; length, 570 ft. (over all); armament—nine 6-inch guns; four 3.4-inch anti-aircraft guns; eighteen machine-guns; twelve torpedo-tubes. The "Köln" was built at Wilhelmshaven, and was recently put into commission. "Every possible expedient for saving weight (we read) has been employed in these ships. A very high grade of steel was selected, and electric welding has taken the place of rivetting."

mean? Or did he mean anything?" It is easy enough, after reading some of the poems, especially the later, longer, and generally lesser poems, to say that he did not mean anything; that he was simply a musician gone wrong; a lunatic with something singing in his head; a creature throbbing with suppressed dancing; a creature who could not help foaming at the mouth with flowers and flames and blood and blossoms and the sea. But it is not easy, after reading Gosse's essay, to deny that he did in some way take something seriously; and something not himself, if his contemporaries doubted whether it was something making for righteousness. He did take counsel with Landor and Hugo as if they were grave gods making a world of justice or right reason. He did seem really to believe that some Utopia depended on the success of Cavour or the failure of Louis Bonaparte. But exactly how he connected it in his own mind with the queer licentious pessimism, like the last debauch of a suicide, which fills his other verses, I cannot make out; nor how

NAVAL AFFAIRS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: WAR-SHIPS; AND THE CONFERENCE.



A FLOATING WORKSHOP FOR THE BRITISH NAVY: THE SPLENDID NEW REPAIR-SHIP, H.M.S. "RESOURCE," RECENTLY COMMISSIONED FOR SERVICE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. The new repair-ship, "Resource" (13,500 tons), is to be completed to full crew about March 24, and will then replace the "Assistance" (9,600 tons) in the Mediterranean. The "Resource" has been built at Barrow by Vickers-Armstrong, and her very elaborate and complete equipment for all kinds of fleet repairs, including twenty different workshops, will make ships more independent of shore yards. Her only armament consists of four anti-aircraft guns. She is commanded by Captain A. Maitland-Douglas.



A MISHAP TO A BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP AT MALTA: H.M.S. "RAMILLIES" AGROUND ON POINT FORT ST. ANGELO, WITH THE CREW ON DECK.

In a Reuter message despatched from Malta on January 15 it was stated: "While re-entering the Grand Harbour after accompanying the Fleet for yesterday's exercises, H.M. battle-ship 'Ramillies' went aground on Point Fort St. Angelo from her foremost gun-turret to her bows. She was in no danger. Six tugs went to her aid, and she was refloated early in the afternoon." In our photograph the crew can be seen on deck.



WHERE THE DELEGATES TO THE NAVAL CONFERENCE SAW "R 100" FLYING OVERHEAD: A GROUP IN THE PRIME MINISTER'S GARDEN AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

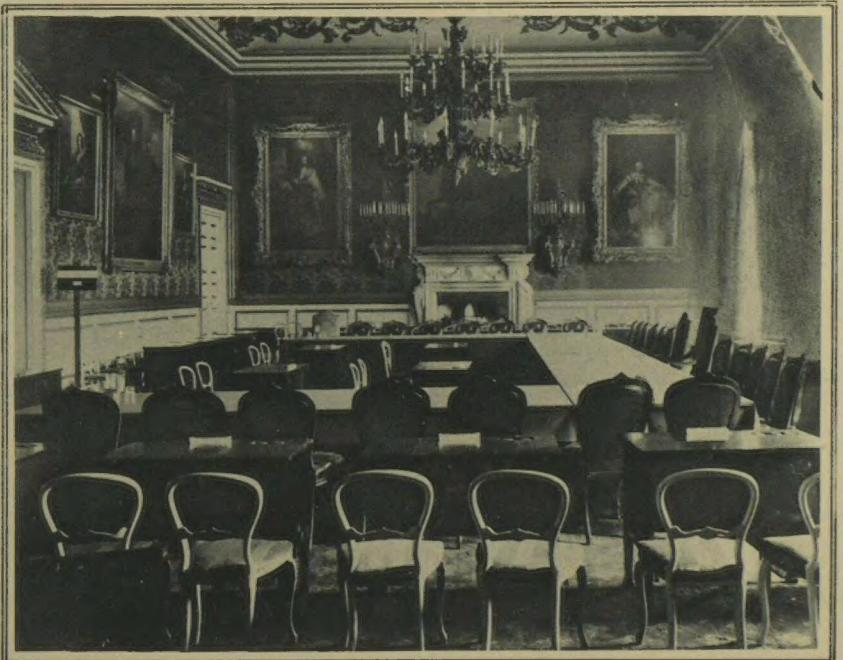
On January 20, the day before the Naval Conference, the principal Delegates assembled at 10, Downing Street to arrange procedure. The Prime Minister had just begun to address them when the airship "R 100" appeared over the Foreign Office opposite, and they all went into the garden to look at her. After the meeting they returned to the garden for the making of a "talkie" film. Our group shows (left to right) Mr. H. Saito (Japan), Signor Grandi (Italy),

Mr. Wakatsuki (Japan), Mr. Stimson (United States), MM. Tardieu, Mantoux, and Briand (France), Mr. MacDonald, Mr. J. E. Fenton (Australia), Mr. C. T. de Water (South Africa), Colonel J. L. Ralston (Canada), Professor T. A. Smiddy (Irish Free State), Sir Atul C. Chatterjee (India), and Mr. T. M. Wilford (New Zealand). Referring to the "talkie" in an interview, M. Briand remarked humorously: "How cold it can be in an English garden!"



THE SCENE OF THE NAVAL CONFERENCE (FOR SESSIONS AFTER THE OPENING): QUEEN ANNE'S DRAWING-ROOM, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

It was arranged that, after the formal opening of the Naval Conference by the King in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, on January 21, the subsequent sessions should be held in Queen Anne's Drawing-Room, in the south-eastern wing of St. James's Palace. At the preliminary and informal meeting of the Delegates at 10, Downing Street on the day before the opening, when



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NAVAL CONFERENCE CHAMBER IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE: QUEEN ANNE'S DRAWING-ROOM, IN THE SOUTH-EASTERN WING.

the group shown above was taken, it was agreed (to quote an official statement by the Foreign Office) "that the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom should be elected Chairman of the Conference at the opening plenary meeting . . . and that, on the completion of speeches there, the Conference be adjourned till January 23, when it would reassemble at St. James's Palace."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A NEWFOUNDLAND SCHOONER DRIVEN BY GALES FOR OVER FORTY DAYS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO SCOTLAND: THE "NEPTUNE II." AT TOBERMORY.

The three-masted schooner, "Neptune II." (126 tons), left St. John's, Newfoundland, on November 30, for Newtown, a fishing village one hundred miles north—a voyage that usually takes from twelve hours to two days. On the way she encountered a severe storm and was compelled to run before the gale. On the fourth day out a tremendous sea carried away the wheel-house and smashed the steering-gear and both the lifeboats. A succession of gales ensued,



THE ONLY WOMAN ABOARD THE "NEPTUNE II." DURING HER INVOLUNTARY VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MRS. HUMPHREYS, WITH HER HUSBAND, AT THE DAMAGED WHEEL.

and the ship was driven for over forty days across the Atlantic until, on January 10, she anchored near the lighthouse at Ardnamurchan on the Scottish coast, and was towed into Tobermory Bay by the lighthouse steamer "Hesperus." The Provost and Town Councillors of Tobermory entertained the ship's company (five crew and five passengers) to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys had expected to spend Christmas with their children at Newtown.



A SIDE-LIGHT ON THE HATRY CASE: THE MARBLE SWIMMING-POOL IN MR. HATRY'S HOUSE.

Before the crash that led to his arrest, Mr. Clarence Hatry occupied a luxuriously-appointed house in Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair. He is said to have spent £20,000 on the house and £40,000 on decorations. Its amenities include a 30-ft. marble swimming-pool. The house is to be put up for auction on March 6. The furniture was recently removed.



RUSSIA'S LARGEST CHURCH BELL TO BE MELTED DOWN FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES: THE BELL BEING REMOVED.

It was reported recently from Moscow that the great bell of the Troitzkoserгиеv Monastery—the gift of the Empress Elizabeth in 1748—had been removed from the building and would be melted down, the copper and bronze being applied to the needs of industry. According to one report, it is to be made into agricultural implements. The bell weighs nearly 150,000 lb., and is said to be the largest in Russia.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ACTRESS PORTRAYED IN TAPESTRY: CHARLOTTE DESMARES AS THALIA.

This interesting portrait in Gobelin's tapestry, dating from 1725, has just been acquired by the American Museum of Art, New York, by whose courtesy we reproduce it. Charlotte Desmares was born at Copenhagen in 1682, and died at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1725. She became famous as an actress of the Comédie Française, appearing in many classical French dramas.



A FAMOUS AMATEUR "SOCCER" TEAM REACHES THE THIRD ROUND IN THE F.A. CUP: CORINTHIANS v. MILLWALL—SECOND "RE-PLAY."

The Corinthians were the only amateur Association Football team to reach the third round of the Football Association Cup competition, and in that round they played Millwall three times before a decision was reached. In the third match (or second re-play), at Stamford Bridge on January 20, Millwall won by 5 goals to 1. A huge crowd of over 58,000 people watched the game.



A PROJECT FOR AN INTER-ALLIED WAR MEMORIAL: THE MODEL OF A PROPOSED MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT LIÈGE.

This photograph is described, in a note that accompanies it, as representing "the model of the beautiful war memorial which will be erected at Liège to commemorate the resistance of the Allied armies against the Germans. The monument will be built by subscriptions from all Allied countries." It may be recalled that almost immediately after the war began Liège was subjected to terrific bombardments, and was occupied by the Germans on August 16, 1914.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEW EGYPTIAN CABINET: A GROUP OF THE NAHAS PASHA MINISTRY.

The Cabinet is as follows: Mustapha Pasha Nahas (Prime Minister and Interior); Hassan Pasha Hassib (War); Wassef Pasha Ghali (Foreign Affairs); Neguib Pasha Gharabli (Justice); Osman Pasha Moharram (Public Works); Mohamed Pasha Safwat (Agriculture); Makram Effendi Ebeid (Finance); Mahmud Fahmy Effendi Nekrashi (Communications); Baha-ed-din Bey Barakat (Education); and Mahmud Bey Bassiuni (Wakfs.). The Parliament was opened on January 11.



THE ENGLISH RUGBY FOOTBALL VICTORY AT CARDIFF: THE WINNING FIFTEEN.

England beat Wales, at Cardiff, on January 18, by a goal, a penalty goal, and a try (11 points) to a try (3 points). In the back row in the group (reading from left to right), the players are D. A. Kendrew, W. E. Tucker, P. D. Howard, J. W. Forrest, F. W. S. Malir, and J. G. Askew. Sitting (left to right) are B. H. Black, J. S. R. Reeve, A. H. Bateson, H. G. Periton, J. S. Tucker, A. L. Novis, and L. M. Robson. On the ground are R. S. Spong (left) and W. H. Sobey.



KING ALBERT'S GRAND-DAUGHTER: PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM IN OSTEND WITH HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF BRABANT. It will be remembered that the wedding of Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, elder son of the King of the Belgians, and Princess Astrid of Sweden, took place on November 4, 1926. The Princess Josephine Charlotte was born on October 11, 1927. The Duke and Duchess, with the Count of Flanders, were in Rome for the marriage of Princess Marie-José to Prince Humbert.



AT THE MONUMENT COMMEMORATING FARMAN'S CIRCULAR FLIGHT OF ONE KILOMETRE IN 1908: MM. HENRI FARMAN; SANTOS DUMONT, WHO FLEW 250 YARDS IN 1906; LOUIS BLÉRIOT, WHO FLEW THE CHANNEL IN 1909; AND GABRIEL VOISIN (L. TO R.). The monument is at Issy-les-Moulineaux, where Henri Farman made a circular flight of one kilometre in 1908, and in September of the same year covered 24½ miles in forty-two minutes. The inscription is: "Henri Farman Sur Biplan Voisin Moteur Antoinette Gagne le Grand Prix d'Aviation Deutsch-Archdeacon Issy-les-Moulineaux le 13 Janvier, 1908."



WINNER OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME SCHOLARSHIP FOR MURAL PAINTING: MISS M. BROOKS, WHO IS TWENTY-FIVE.

The British School at Rome has awarded the 1930 Scholarship for Mural Painting to Miss Marjorie Brooks, who studied at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, and then at the R.A. Schools. At the latter, the late Mr. Charles Sims was her master. In 1927 she won the Royal Academy Gold Medal and the Edward Stott Travelling Scholarship for Historical Painting.



WARRANT OFFICER TOMMASO DAL MOLIN.

The famous Italian pilot who was second in the race for the Schneider Trophy last September. Killed on January 18 while testing a Savoia-Marchetti two-engined seaplane over Lake Garda. He was born at Vicenza, and was twenty-seven.



A SECOND OR TWO BEFORE THE FATAL CRASH ON THE BOB-SLEIGH RUN AT MÜRREN: HEADING FOR THE TOP OF THE BANKING—RIGHT TO LEFT: MESSRS. A. D. MACNAB, RAMSAY MUIRHEAD, HOWARD EDWARDS-JONES (KILLED), AND ALAN HAUSMANN.

The bob, which was travelling at about fifty miles an hour, turned over twice, and the crew struck a wire clothes-line stretched across the back of a chalet. Mr. Edwards-Jones was so injured that he died an hour later. Mr. Muirhead was badly injured. The two others were not much hurt.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR GORDON GUGGISBERG.

Has resigned the Governorship of British Guiana owing to ill-health. Formerly Governor of the Gold Coast; and Surveyor-General, Nigeria. Saw service in France during the Great War. Married Miss Decima Moore, C.B.E., the well-known actress.

PILSUDSKI, THE LIVING LEGEND: A MAN BORN TO REVOLT.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PILSUDSKI, HERO OF POLAND": By ROM LANDAU.*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD'S.)

PILSUDSKI and Paderewski met—the thrusting man and the artist, patriots both; the one disciplined in exile and in gaols, a schemer in secret and a leader in the field, the other learned in the wiles and the wider ways of the cosmopolites; the one utilising his intuitions and his opportunities, the other employing his knowledge and his charm.

"The men eyed one another. Paderewski came through the door with a light tread, as glowing as a foreign

bird; bright, cordial, exotic. A pale face, a very high, white forehead, his long grey hair still flecked with coppery light; his eyes a little narrowed—the eyes of a clever faun; his mouth was feminine, conciliatory, candid, gracious. He was dressed with care: low collar, bow, silk shirt, white waistcoat. Certainly, a very delightful fellow.

Even a child had to master the art of veiled words and hidden actions; children breathed the air of conspiracies, of dark and secret battle."

Thus it was that the young Pilsudski—the boy Ziuk—brooding over "serfdom," was wise enough to mask his innermost ambitions even when his impulsiveness forced him into conflict with authority: throughout his career many confused the voice and the hands and gave blessing—or curse—to the wrong brother!

For all that, he was suspected much, sought much, punished not a little. At a Russian school in Vilna, where Polish history was taught as the history of the Russian Vistula province, he controlled himself, lest he be expelled with a "black ticket" and thus find every avenue to education closed to him. As a student of medicine for a year, he contrived to be friendly with Russians in Charkow. Then, innocently, he was involved in an 1887 plot to assassinate Alexander III. He was sentenced to "five years' administrative relegation" to Eastern Siberia. The experience hardened him, and to the craving for freedom for his own country he added a measure of socialism, general brotherhood; not because he had faith in a communal, frontier-less Utopia, but because he saw a means to his end. "Set beside the pain of the whole world, Poland shrank from a gaping wound into a tiny red scar": that, most emphatically, he denied.

As Comrade Viktor, he was soon a power, shaking the masses from their sleep: he organised as he had never thought of organising before and he started the *Robotnik* (the *Worker*). Started it! He was it—its editor, its chief contributor, its printer, its distributor—moving it from danger zone to danger zone until, after nearly seven years of vigorous propaganda had been laboriously "pulled" from it, the press, the press he had so often transported piecemeal, was revealed as an entity and "reverently packed and sealed by gendarmes."

A new *Worker* was out within a week or two; but Comrade Viktor was a prisoner at Lodz. From thence, he was transferred to the famous Pavilion X, of Warsaw Citadel. No rescue from there was possible; but the Polish Socialist Party was optimistic. A friendly warder acted as postman—a match-box as his bag—and it was arranged that the captive should mimic madness, following the precise instructions smuggled to him as to the symptoms of "psychosis hallucinaria acuta." The idea was to get him moved to a less impregnable place. Thanks to a psychiatrist who was not deceived but was very human, the plot succeeded; and the guarded "political" was conveyed to the Asylum of St. Nicholas the Miracle-worker, in St. Petersburg. There selfless devotion and a desperate determination aided him, and, in manner worthy of the best "thriller," he was spirited out of custody.

Followed, months in Cracow; visits to foreign branches, including that in London; overtures to Japan, in the hope, of course, of embarrassing Russia; the enrolment of irregulars—adventurers, but no more than adventures; enterprises picturesque, but foreign to practical politics. Then, the formation of the secret, the private, Army in Austrian Poland, that pitifully weak, ill-equipped band which, as "the military forces of Poland," challenged Russia in the early days of the August of the fateful year 1914.

"His dream had begun to come true. He, as general of the first Polish Army, had sent his men into enemy territory. But what was the truth of this fulfilment? The 'army' which crossed the Russian border was a hundred and seventy-two strong: ninety-eight were gunmen, seventy-four associates. These were all he could arm, and his legion had to cross by permission of Austria. They carried their ammunition in their pockets. Eight cavalymen led them; five rode Cossack ponies, which they had looted the previous day from a Russian border patrol in a daring raid across the frontier; the others advanced on foot, carrying their saddles and stirrups, their horses still had to be won. The Pilsudski epic began with 172 men, by favour of a pass from Captain Rybak of the Austrian Imperial Army."

It was a gesture, a mere gesture; yet the grandiose was in it, and eloquence. It was a sign, and a symbol. Above all, it was a demonstration of the will to win that

was in the ego-centric Citizen Josef Pilsudski who was to be the first Marshal of Poland, the popular hero whose election to the Presidency he would not accept was to be proclaimed so dramatically after the *coup d'état*: "At the head of a corps of officers and sergeants a general marched to the Place Pilsudski. A statue of Prince Josef Poniatowski, Napoleon's Marshal, stands at its centre. The corps lined up; the bronze prince, poised on a fine, curveting charger, in the dress of a Roman warrior, smiled quietly down. The general drew his sword. 'Marshal Poniatowski, I must beg respectfully to announce that the people have confided the highest office in the land into the hands of Poland's First Marshal—Marshal Josef Pilsudski.'"

A sign and a symbol—a herald of brave deeds on various fronts and grave debates at the council tables: of the proclamation of independence; trust in the future with fear of what it might bring; exaltation and despair; fierce energy and sapping apathy; and confinement in the fortress of Magdeburg, from which the newly-elected General-in-Chief of the Polish Army was driven, the curious may wish to note, in an official German motor-car whose tyres, being of "substitute" rubber, could only be "inflated" by means of a special potato-mixture which emitted an odour of cooking as it heated! And, later, of the diplomatic triumph of Paderewski in securing that the thirteenth of President Wilson's Fourteen Points should urge the need of a united and independent Polish State; bickerings between President and Premier and Minister for War and between Diet and Army; the Lithuanian trouble; conflict in the Ukraine and still more remarkable battling against the Bolsheviks bent on entering Warsaw.

And, after all that, what? A Poland "on the map"; a splendid son of Poland in retirement, then spasmodically active again, then sick and stricken with years—realising, it may be, that he was a Personality, but had seldom been a friend. Pilsudski retired to Sulejowek, to the modest house presented to him by his soldiers, rejecting the pay of the Republic he despised, spending his pension as Marshal and Chief of State on charitable objects, living on the pence he made by writing. Then the *coup d'état*, the little civil war in Warsaw—and the Belvedere again, with the disdaining of the proffered Presidency; Dictatorship; illness, with whisperings designed to discredit, stories of nerves, and of a shot watch-dog that grew to be a sentry and finally an officer! Now: "Afterglow"—Pilsudski had grown old. An occasional patience, a hand at cards, had become almost his sole amusement. Politics had ceased to be a passion; even his delight in the army was not so deep. . . . Only his children could really give Pilsudski what he asked. . . . Had he ever been allowed to be a child? It was all the easier, now, to go back to what he had lost for half a century. A world lay between him and his past; no urge, no longing, could rob this childhood of its freshness."

Pilsudski the visionary, the soldier, the autocrat, the Nationalist who scorned the Universalists, may die. Pilsudski the Legend will live, even if the charred sticks of his



WHEN—AS AN INNOCENT MAN—HE WAS SERVING A SENTENCE OF FIVE YEARS' "ADMINISTRATIVE RELEGATION": PILSUDSKI HUNTING IN EASTERN SIBERIA DURING HIS EXILE IN THE 'EIGHTIES.

Illustrations Reproduced from "Pilsudski, Hero of Poland," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Jarrolds.

By the time the conversation ended the chasm between the two was vast. It was not merely politics that separated. The talkers were men of different worlds: the one, from childhood up, had been accustomed to act and plan in darkness; to turn words into riddles; seek, in emotions, hidden causes; an opponent in every friend, in every opponent an enemy; to keep himself eternally concealed.

"The other had developed with the eyes of the world upon him; his battles had been fought beneath shining arc lamps of publicity; he had been pampered—surrounded with light; his work was the possession of all; his life had been no dark rebellion, but a thing of gleaming proportions; beautiful expression had been its beginning and its end; an ordered rhythm, a progress through the open world."

Romantic Force prevailed over mundane Finesse. The great citizen went back to his grands; the great fighter to his men. Time will weigh them; but, to whichever side the balance tips, Pilsudski will remain the Legend, and Paderewski, unjustly, the pianist-Premier in the Sejm. It is natural enough. Paderewski inherited small hatred of the overlord, although his maternal grandfather had been banished to Siberia; Pilsudski was born to revolt. His father was placid enough, content with his scientific agriculture and his absolutism on his own estate; his mother was the moulder of his character. "She taught her children to see their country as the highest of earthly goods, strove to be a mother of patriots in a land whose people were enslaved. No duty in the world could be so honourable as to fight for the liberation of Poles. With the word 'Poland' on her lips her gentle quiet became fanatical. . . . But the pain in these thoughts of liberty was forbidden to fill the house with empty clamour. It must throb in hushed voices through which, day and night, terror trembled of the eyes and ears of Czarist spies.



DURING HIS VOLUNTARY EXILE IN SULEJOWEK: PILSUDSKI, FIRST MARSHAL OF POLAND, WITH HIS DAUGHTERS.

Fiery Cross never call to arms again. To the epic Mr. Rom Landau contributes his study in memoir-history, "a romantic book" of merit which owes its form, it may be hazarded, a little to the success of Stracheyism and much to the be-laurelling of Ludwig; for its author does not hesitate to weld the recorded fact and the imagined mind-process. Popularity will be his—and well won: even if his Masters do not boast him as a talented pupil of their Schools, it will not be because they judge his craftsmanship unworthy. E. H. G.

* "Pilsudski, Hero of Poland." By Rom Landau. Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. (Jarrolds; 18s. net.)

LABORATORY WORK IN ANTARCTIC SEAS: SCIENCE ABOARD "DISCOVERY."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY, OF THE B.A.N.Z. ANTARCTIC RESEARCH EXPEDITION. COPYRIGHT RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART FORBIDDEN



EVENING TASKS
IN THE WARD-
ROOM OF THE
"DISCOVERY":
(L. TO R.) MR.
J. W. S. MARR,
DR. W. INGRAM,
SIR DOUGLAS
MAWSON, AND
PROF. HARVEY
JOHNSTON,
CLASSIFYING
AND TABULATING
PLANT AND
MICROSCOPIC
ANIMAL
SPECIMENS AFTER
A DAY'S
COLLECTING
ASHORE ON THE
CROZET ISLANDS.

THE SCIENTIFIC
SIDE OF
ANTARCTIC
RESEARCH: A
GLIMPSE IN THE
BIOLOGICAL
LABORATORY
ABOARD THE
"DISCOVERY,"
SHOWING
MESSRS. FALLA
(ORNITHOLOGIST)
AND FLETCHER
(TAXIDERMIST)
ENGAGED IN
SKINNING BIRD
SPECIMENS AND
PRESERVING SKINS
COLLECTED AT
KERGUELEN
ISLAND.



As noted on our double-page illustrating the Expedition, the "Discovery" arrived at the Crozet Islands early last November, and, after the scientific staff had made extensive botanical and zoological collections, proceeded to the island of Kerguelen, arriving on November 12 and leaving on the 24th. In a message dated the 26th, Sir Douglas Mawson said: "While awaiting departure the naturalists scoured several islands in Royal Sound and continued to get good results. Large numbers of uncommon birds were taken, with their eggs,

and the larder is stocked with teal. During the night numbers of pigeons and petrels flew on to the deck, attracted by the bright electric lights, and were captured. Professor Johnston is securing a large collection of external and internal parasites from birds, and is kept busy every day until the small hours of the morning. Mr. Marr, who has proved an exceptionally good man for expedition work, is doing excellently with marine biology. We have made a good passage south, and are arriving at Heard Island to-day."

WONDERS OF THE SUB-ANTARCTIC SEEN DURING THE VOYAGE OF THE "DISCOVERY": LIFE IN THE CROZETS AND KERGUELEN.

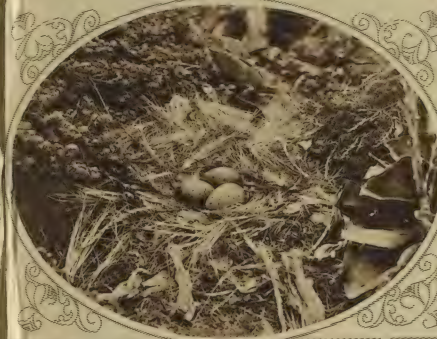
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YOUNG PENGUINS MAKING THEIR FIRST TRIP FROM THE "ROOKERY" TO THE SEA, PAST A GROUP OF SEA-ELEPHANTS ASLEEP: THE BEACH AT POSSESSION ISLAND IN THE CROZETS.



SUGGESTING A GLIMPSE IN A TROPICAL GARDEN: AN ISLAND SLOPE OVERGROWN WITH AN EDIBLE PLANT KNOWN AS KERGUELEN CABBAGE, VALUABLE AS AN ANTI-SCORBUTIC.



NESTING IN COMFORT ON A SUB-ANTARCTIC ISLAND: THE NEST OF A DOMINICAN GULL, LINED WITH TUFTS OF DRY GRASS, AND SHELTERED BY TALL KERGUELEN CABBAGE.



INDIFFERENT TO THE PRESENCE OF MAN: VAST MASSES OF SEA-ELEPHANTS DURING THE MATING SEASON, ON A SHELTERED BEACH IN THE CROZET ISLANDS.



A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF KERGUELEN ISLAND, WHOSE SCENERY IS DESCRIBED BY SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON AS ENTRANCING: A VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF RED DOMES, KNOWN AS SWAIN'S "HAUL-OVER" (WHERE SEALERS IN BYGONE DAYS HAULED THEIR BOATS ACROSS)—THE EMERALD VERDURE OF THE



PEAK, LOOKING OVER THE ISLES AND WATERWAYS OF SWAIN'S BAY AND ROYAL SOUND, TWO SPLENDID NATURAL HARBOURS SEPARATED BY A NARROW NECK OF LAND. ISLANDS CONTRASTING WITH THE BARE MAINLAND, DENUDED OF VEGETATION BY RABBITS INTRODUCED BY SEALERS SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO.



A GIANT FLEDGLING: DR. INGRAM (OF THE B.A.N.Z. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION STAFF) HOLDING A YOUNG ALBATROSS CAPTURED IN THE CROZET ISLANDS, 11 MONTHS OLD, WITH A WING-SPREAD OF 10 FT. AND WEIGHING 25 LB.



BIRDS KNOWN TO SEAMEN AS "STINKERS" FROM THEIR HABIT OF EJECTING A NOXIOUS MUSKY LIQUID AT INTRUDERS DURING THE BREEDING SEASON: NESTS OF THE GIANT PETREL.



A SHEATH-BILL (OR PADDY), ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SMALL PIGEON: AN INQUISITIVE SPECIES THAT FOLLOWED WITH CURIOSITY THE ACTIVITIES OF SCIENTISTS ON THE CROZET ISLANDS.



AN ANGRY BULL SEA-ELEPHANT PREPARING TO DEFEND HIS HAREM (IN THE BACKGROUND) AGAINST THE INTRUSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER: AN ENORMOUS CREATURE OF A TYPE THAT ATTAINS A LENGTH OF 20 FT. AND WEIGHS UP TO 3 TONS.

Writing on board the "Discovery" on November 7 last, Sir Douglas Mawson, leader of the B.A.N.Z. Antarctic Research Expedition, said: "In the afternoon we arrived at Possession Island, the largest of the Crozets, a volcanic formation fourteen miles long and 5000 ft. high. Now we are anchored off American Beach. A valley leads inland to mist-covered mountains in a district which recalls the Western Highlands of Scotland." Later, he writes: "The scientific staff explored Possession Island. More than 1000 sea-elephants were interested in our arrival. The air resounded with raucous noises of sea-fowl and seals. Inquisitive spoon-bills pecked at our instruments and stole our luncheons. Centro and macaroni penguins politely greeted us, and eleven-month-old albatross chicks, still partly clothed in down, raised themselves from their nest on uncertain legs and stared in amazement. Teal and other ducks fed unconcernedly on the water-weeds in a stream. Overhead there were skirmishes among petrels, skuas, gulls, Cape pigeons, and a multitude of other birds." Before reaching Kerguelen (on November 12), the "Discovery" was driven 100 miles north by a gale. On arrival Sir Douglas

writes: "The journey of thirty miles up the Royal Sound was of remarkable interest. The scenery revealed as we steamed along the winding waterways between innumerable islets was entrancing. The lower country has been carved by an extensive ice sheet, which is responsible for the labyrinth of fiord channels. Dominating all are volcanic peaks without number. Whales and sea-birds sporting themselves in the land-locked waters took little notice of the intrusion of our vessel. We have carried out a scientific investigation of one of the longest fiords of Kerguelen—namely, Blas de Bonifère. These Kerguelen waterways are studded with small islets, which are wonderfully verdant

and richly covered with vegetation, in utter contrast to its mainland, which has been devastated by rabbits. No greater calamity could have befallen Kerguelen than the introduction of rabbits, which in their legions are eating every scrap of vegetation. Wild dogs escaped from captivity are a further calamity, having become wolf-like and a menace to all life on the island." On Jan. 14 the "Discovery" met the Norwegian exploration ship, "Norvegia," and Sir Douglas Mawson had a friendly talk with the leader, Captain Riser Larsen.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



PLAYS IN A WORLD-LANGUAGE.—SUNDAY OPENING AND WEEKDAY STARTING.

THAT London is "the hub of the universe" was once more proved in the interesting tale unfolded by Mlle. de la Bruyère, well known as a professor and *conférencière* of French literature. She is also a missionary of Esperanto and was a great friend of Dr. Zamenhof, its founder, who lived to see the gradual propagation of his world-language in every country. She brought an invitation to my Editor and myself to witness, in the third week in January, at the little Blackfriars Theatre, a triple bill performed by English amateurs in Esperanto. My knowledge of the language is slender, but, with the aid of other idioms of which Esperanto is, as it were, the concentrated extract, I was able to decipher the various items of the forthcoming programme. I was astonished to hear that London already possesses a flourishing Esperanto Club; that even among the professional actors there are some who speak it fluently; and that the demand for tickets is such as to warrant further performances, not only of translations, but of plays written by English authors in the world-language.

I asked Mlle. de la Bruyère to tell me something more about this growing movement in our midst, especially so far as it might affect the World of the Theatre, and in reply to my questions she said—

"This year we are determined to take a step forward. We wish to show that our language is artificial in nothing but theory; that it is capable of expressing the finest shades of thought, and is, at the same time, one of the most musical of languages. Esperanto will take its place beside the other languages of the world, its elder sisters, when we have created the Esperanto Theatre. The beginning must of necessity be modest, but the possibilities are almost infinite; our task is to make known the masterpieces of the world, even in the countries most distant from their own, by means of Esperanto, with its adepts already numerous even in the troubled East. And to make known, too, the authors already writing in Esperanto: Julio Baghy and K. de Kalocsay, of Hungary; Raymond Schwartz, of Paris; Jean Forge, of Poland; and many more; and to encourage the growth of the new culture which is springing up. The beginning has been made: many of the masterpieces of the major languages are already to be had in Esperanto; and, what is perhaps more important, many glorious works of art which have been buried in the smaller languages, such as Bulgarian, Esthonian, or Rumanian, and have remained unknown to England, France, and Germany.

The Esperantists of the world are now preparing to send their representatives to Oxford, where in August next the twenty-second Universal Esperanto Congress will be held. About 1500 delegates are expected from more than forty countries. At this Congress a play, representative of the English stage, will be presented by a cast drawn from many countries before what must surely be the most cosmopolitan of all audiences: a truly international theatre,

prophetic of the future. Is this not a movement worthy of the support of all who are interested in the development of the theatre?"

Two old questions are again very much under discussion: May we open our theatres on Sunday? and shall we begin our programmes early—8.30 at the latest? I need not now bring in the world-ridiculed unfairness that the kinema may open on Sunday, under the cloak of charity, and that the theatre may not. That dead horse is beyond all flogging. The important point against the theatre remains—the possibility of some managers taking advantage of seven days' performances and squeezing the seventh day out of the actors' salary, and the "necessity" for the artist to take a day's rest during the week. As to No. 1—who wants the theatre to

The whole question—apart from religious objections, which are overridden in the kinema and elsewhere in London—becomes one of cool common sense. By all means offer one day's rest as a sop to Cerberus, but leave the actor out of the discussion. As a free agent he can do as he likes, and if, on the one side, no one can coerce him to work more than six days in one quarter, likewise no one can prevent him working when and how long he likes in another quarter. The point whether the "full-time" occupation would interfere with the quality of his regular work does not arise; for managers, without exception, give their "kind permission" to their players to give extra performances on Sundays and for charity. And now let us hope that the authorities who control theatres will no longer stem the tide by futile arguments, none of which can arrest

it. If a plebiscite could be arranged among the playgoing public as to whether they are in favour of Sunday opening, the "ayes" would have it overwhelmingly; and if, at the same time, managers were to unite in allowing popular prices on the Sabbath, they would not only earn the gratitude of the masses and the classes, but attract thousands who are yearning to see the plays of the day, but go to the kinema in preference because they cannot afford the prices commensurate with their so-called social standing.

As regards the adoption of earlier hours of beginning the performances, I would point to the example of Berlin—for in this respect Paris no longer counts; half the playgoers are not the *bons bourgeois* as in former times, but the cosmopolitan population. Now, Berlin is the greatest theatre-going city in the world. The German needs the theatre as much as his daily meal. There most plays begin at 7 p.m. and end "after nine." The worker goes straight from his place of business to them; in the *entr'acte* he eats a well-garnished sand-

wich and drinks a glass of beer; if, "after nine," he is hungry, he can have a supper and yet be in bed before midnight, enjoying a good night's rest, and be fresh for work in the morning. Whether this system would be practicable in London, I am not prepared to say. But I am certain of this—late beginnings are only of importance to lingering diners, and they would be late even if the performance began at 10 p.m. The backbone of the public, the pit and gallery and the family circle people, would not only demur, but fall off if the theatres began later than 8.30 (and it would also mean that the suburbaners could hardly be in bed before midnight). Result: the suburban theatres would profit and the West-End houses would lose many allies in their already strenuous competition with "the pictures." Therefore, we all agree with the Theatrical Managers' Association that it is in the interest of all parties that not only theatre-going, but home-coming, should be duly considered, and that it would be bad policy to belate the hour to please the hedonists and would be to the detriment of the workers.



"HALLELUJAH!" THE REMARKABLE ALL-NEGRO "TALKIE," AT THE EMPIRE: IN THE COTTON-FIELDS.

From the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film. (See Opposite Page.)

be open for seven days? Ask any manager, except the very few who have a sure success—and they are not one in five—whether he would not willingly give up a Monday or a Friday, notorious "duds" both, for a Sunday which is sure to fill the coffers, as the kinemas and concert-halls prove. The answer is beyond all doubt. The other point is one for definite legislation—and hereby hangs a tale. In Brussels and in Paris, the hairdressers are compelled to close one day a week; but, on the principle that no one can prevent any individual doing that which he has a legal right to do, those *coiffeurs* who wish to work on the "close" day simply migrate from their own quarter to another in these cities, and earn good pay. In another form, much the same applies to our actors. Some of them, constitutionally or temperamentally, may want one holiday a week; others, either more ambitious or more robust, eagerly accept parts in Sunday performances which (another ridiculous state of affairs, hoodwinking the law), if they are run by Societies, are beyond interference.

REVIVALISM IN ITS MOST EMOTIONAL FORM: "HALLELUJAH!" SCENES.

FROM THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TALKING-FILM, "HALLELUJAH!"



CONVERSION IN "HALLELUJAH!", THE ALL-NEGRO TALKING-FILM WHICH REVEALS THE ECSTASIES OF REVIVALISM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES: BAPTISM IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE FERVOUR OF A PENITENT AFTER BAPTISM IN THE RIVER: A CONVERT MADE BY "ZEKE" PASSING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE NEW BELIEVERS.



THE BAPTISM OF THE WHITE-ROBED CONVERTS MADE BY EZEKIEL, TURNED EVANGELIST: THE GREAT REVIVAL SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE ALL-NEGRO TALKING-FILM, "HALLELUJAH!"



NEGRO LIFE AS DEPICTED IN "HALLELUJAH!", WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF "ZEKE," HIS TRAGEDY AND HIS EVANGELISM: AN EPISODE IN THE MUCH-DISCUSSSED "TALKIE" OF REVIVALISM.



WHEN "ZEKE" VOWS REPENTANCE: THE WAILING SCENE OF MOURNING AFTER THE YOUNG NEGRO HAS SHOT HIS BROTHER IN A CARD-ROOM BRAWL—MR. DANIEL HAYNES IN THE CENTRE.

"Hallelujah!", the all-negro "talkie" which is being shown at the Empire Theatre, is being much discussed; less for its story, which is melodramatic, than for its revelatory demonstration of the emotional, the hysterical, side of revivalism as known to the negroes of the Southern States of America. Ezekiel leaves the cotton-fields to sell the harvest in town, and with him goes his brother. Card-sharps relieve him of his money; there is a brawl, and, in the heat of it, "Zeke" shoots his brother by accident. At the "wake," the young negro, worked into

a state of ecstasy, proclaims himself a servant of the Lord, and goes forth as an evangelist. His disciples are many, and are baptised in the Mississippi amidst scenes of fervour. The rest there is no need to tell: it is less concerned with the religious phase, and it is that phase which makes the film remarkable. As the "Times" critic had it: "Only those who have seen a negro revival can appreciate the genius of a director who has preserved the naturalness of such scenes while keeping them within the bounds necessary to artistic presentation."

THE NEW TURKEY: PROMOTING "AIR-MINDEDNESS"; AND A MODERN POLICE FORCE.



OCCUPIED BY TROTSKY AS AN EXILE IN TURKEY: THE VILLA ESSAD PASHA, ON THE ISLE OF PRINKIPO.



THE NEW FORD FACTORY IN STAMBOUL FOR THE MASS-PRODUCTION OF MOTOR-CARS: A BUILDING DESIGNED TO HARMONISE WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS.



THE MODERN TURKISH POLICE, WHO WEAR WHITE ARMLETS WHEN ON POINT-DUTY AND USE LAMP SIGNALS: A DRILL PARADE.



WITH THEIR UP-TO-DATE MOTOR-CYCLES: TYPICAL MODERN TURKISH POLICE, ORGANISED ON GERMAN LINES AS A SEMI-MILITARY FORCE.



STIMULATING "AIRMINDEDNESS" IN THE YOUTH OF MODERN TURKEY: CARS TRAVERSING THE STREETS WITH MODELS OF AEROPLANES.



THE MOVING SPIRIT OF WESTERNISATION IN MODERN TURKEY: A BUST OF THE PRESIDENT, KEMAL PASHA, BORNE IN PROCESSION.

While the attempt to westernise Afghanistan was a failure, the Turk has taken more kindly to modern innovations. Traffic, especially in Stamboul, has increased enormously, and has led to reforms in the Turkish police. Those on point-duty wear white armlets, and a system of lamp-signalling has been introduced. As we show above, the force is organised on the German plan, being of a semi-military character, and their motor-cycle squad is very up-to-date. The new Ford factory in Stamboul, which is intended to produce fifty cars a day, has been built to harmonise with the surrounding domes and minarets, yet it still seems a trifle incongruous. In order to promote "air-mindedness" in the youth of Turkey, aeroplanes on cars are paraded through the streets, while an effigy of

Kemal Pasha is generally seen in most processions. It will be remembered that Trotsky was an exile in Turkey, and one of our photographs shows the Villa Essad Pasha, where he stayed on the island of Prinkipo. The emancipation of Turkish women has advanced rapidly, and many new schools for boys and girls have been started, while in clothing both men and women have adopted Western fashions. The removal of the capital to Angora is developing Asia Minor.

THE CARILLON IN HYDE PARK: AT THE CAMPANILE OF WELLINGTON'S "WAR" BELLS.



LONDON IS INTRODUCED TO NOVEL RECITALS: LISTENING TO A CARILLONNEUR PLAYING THE WELLINGTON WAR MEMORIAL BELLS HUNG IN A TEMPORARY TOWER BEFORE BEING SHIPPED TO NEW ZEALAND.

The bells of the Wellington (New Zealand) War Memorial Carillon, which, it will be recalled, were rung at Newcastle-on-Tyne during the North-East Coast Exhibition of last year, are now in a temporary campanile in Hyde Park, and regular recitals are being given on them by well-known carillonneurs of this country and the Continent. Interviewed before the first performance in

London, Mr. George Lansbury said: "I think it is a great thing that the people of Wellington, New Zealand, have been able to bring into being what must surely be one of the most unique War Memorials in the world, for the music of the bells will always stand for the spirit of harmony, friendship, and goodwill, for which our brothers overseas fought side by side with us."

THE GOOD-BYE TO THE CONVICTED: ON THE DREAD WAY TO "DEVIL'S ISLAND."



RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF PRISONERS CONDEMNED TO HARD LABOUR ON "DEVIL'S ISLAND" TAKING A LAST GLIMPSE OF THE CONVICTED: A FAREWELL SAID FROM SMALL BOATS AS THE MEN WERE BEING EMBARKED ON THE "MARTINIÈRE," AT ALGIERS.

As already indicated, our photograph shows a very human scene which occurred recently at Algiers: relatives and friends of convicts saying good-bye to the prisoners as they were being taken aboard the convict-ship "Martinière" for the voyage to the dreaded "Devil's Island." In this connection, it may be remarked that in the earlier days of the penal settlements in French Guiana (or, Cayenne), convicts and exiles frequently fell victims to the climate, and the place was known as one from which few returned. Things are different now; and only recently it was stated in the French Chamber that the Superior

Prison Council of France were seriously considering solitary confinement for life as a punishment for murderers who escaped the extreme penalty. The suggestion was that this new sentence should come between the death penalty and hard labour for life in a penal settlement; for, it was argued, even hard labour on "Devil's Island" does not inspire in criminals the same fear as the death penalty. It may be noted, further, that in France all persons who are condemned to hard labour and many who are sentenced to "reclusion" are sent to Guiana to serve their time.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

BURMA is still a mine of unexhausted riches for the novelists. Miss Tennyson Jesse is its latest explorer, and she advances into it with a combination of daring and painstaking. The time will come, no doubt, when the secret places of the earth will have been completely ransacked; but that time is not yet, and her excursion into the innermost recesses of the Palace of Mandalay is brilliantly justified. "The Lacquer Lady" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) begins on a subdued note. A crocodile of English schoolgirls is crawling stodgily along the Brighton front. One among them shows traces of strange origins—the slant of dark, liquid eyes, the slight flattening of nose. She is Fanny Moroni, daughter of an Italian father and a mother half-English and half-Burmese. All the girls have taken refuge from a cold wind and a grey sky in day-dreaming; but Fanny's dreams are bolder, more rapacious, more vivid than the rest. Having touched-in the drabness of Brighton and Fanny's exotic temperament, Miss Tennyson Jesse transports her to Burma, where the villages have an incense-like smell, and there is a limpid glow in sky and river, and the jungle is festooned with flowers of pink and purple. That is the rising of the curtain. The events that follow are played upon by the sensitiveness of Fanny's imagination, but they are fascinating and terrible beyond her dreams. She is caught up into the intriguing life of the Palace—she takes kindly to intrigue—and the only fairy-story that can come true for her wreathes itself about her self-absorption. Fanny, little, limited, shallow-brained Fanny, is destined to change the history of a kingdom. It is a story told with great finesse, a many-coloured, tumultuous story, dovetailing the larger diplomacy and the lesser, scandalous cross-currents. It will be seen that Miss Tennyson Jesse has not chosen a simple subject. It is a superlatively good one, and she has treated it superlatively well. Her book is, in every respect, a dazzling novel.

"Artificial Silk" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), by Christine Orr, has its own brilliance. It is shot with it, as a shimmering fabric should be, even if the stuff itself is cheap and make-believe. The analogy between the cheap fabric that makes the rich man's fortune and the cheap people who wear it is closely preserved. The young moderns are remarkably well drawn. Their slang, their poses, their revolt, their defiant pursuit of confused ideals are all in the picture. Miss Orr rather forces the pace, and the psychological arguments of her characters are shallow, little as the young men and women seem to suspect themselves of shallowness. And the sentiment is sometimes badly overstrained. But then, just as the sob-stuff seems definitely to dominate, Miss Orr pulls herself up, and realism comes sharply through. An Islington lodging-house has surely never been better done. There are sayings that stick. As, for example—"Work was such a little thing when you were young. It was everything when you were middle-aged, because you had nothing better

never gets anywhere near sharp actualities. It is a rambling composition. The rambling, of course, would matter very little, might even be a saving



MRS. KATHARINE WOOLLEY,
Author of "Adventure Calls."

grace, if it led to anything noteworthy. The best of "Four Seasons" is the polyandry of Mrs. Tozer,



M. RODION MARKOVITS,
Author of "Siberian Garrison."



MISS HELEN SIMPSON,
Author of "The Desolate House."



MR. EIMAR O'DUFFY,
Author of "The Wasted Island."

which deserves a canvas to itself as a short story. The cottagers are racier company than the family at the big house, and a single glimpse of Kezia Bott is a relief after the tiresome romances of the Malletsons.

The two Irish novels of the month have nothing in common; but it is interesting to see how, for a moment, they make historical contact, and how widely apart are the angles of vision of Eimar O'Duffy and George Cornwallis West. Mr. O'Duffy wrote "The Wasted Island" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.) in 1919, and it has been revised in 1929. It is the book of the separatist Irishman, passionately partisan, a tragedy of the quarter of a century that ended in the Treaty. It is very well written, and informed with the stinging patriotism of Sinn Féin. Bernard Lascelles, the hero, was singularly luckless in his birth and his love-affair. Love, as the novelist commonly sees it, is a subsidiary interior, except when it is worked in as a detail of Bernard's martyrdom. It is a peculiarity of this book that the part of the women is dully insignificant. Mr. O'Duffy's young men are ardent lovers, but it is Ireland who is their mistress. There could be nothing farther from the spirit of Edith Cavell's dying message to a stricken world than the spirit of Mr. O'Duffy's patriots. So it is that we read in one chapter of Ireland "only too ready to forgive and forget," and in the next of "the virile hatred" that is the driving force behind his revolutionaries. Hatred of England is their obsession. It all makes powerful reading, as a human document, and as an eye-witness's account of Irish history in the making. Mr. Cornwallis West's "Two Wives" (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)

begins where "The Wasted Island" breaks off. He introduces the Logans of Carsteen in 1924, at the moment when they have crossed from Ireland to England, leaving the blackened walls of Castle Carsteen behind them. The misfortunes of the landlords in "the bad times" are summed-up and dismissed in a paragraph. Young Tony Logan looks forward, not back. Tony is a faithful representation of the high-bred, lovable young Anglo-Irishman. Coincidences are rather too busy as the story draws to a close, but the atmosphere is charming, and the scenes in Blois, where Tony, studying to be a diplomatist, meets his true love, are delightfully fresh.

"The Way of Ecbe" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), by James Branch Cabell, and "Thorstein of the Mere" (Heinemann; 6s.), by W. G. Collingwood, are novels that can be bracketed in period, but are wide as the poles asunder in method and intention. The admirers of Mr. Cabell will protest that he cannot be bracketed with anyone. Yet the temptation is there, to measure Mr. Cabell in his Celtic fancy dress against Mr. Collingwood, whose tenth-century Norsemen are so simply and convincingly themselves. The diabolic cachinnation of the Ecbe satire is conducted with nods and winks to a sophisticated audience. When Ecbe is done—and it is a short affair—Mr. Cabell drops disguises, and sums-up his ironical reflections on youth and middle age. "The Way of Ecbe" is the last of his biographies—biographies being, of course, his own term for them. Cabellists will add it to the sacrosanct bookshelf with gratification. "Thorstein of the Mere" is spacious and tranquil. It has been selling in Lakeland bookshops, locally published, for a long time, and this is the reprint for a general edition. It is gravely fine and fastidiously accurate. Children, it has been noticed, read Mr. Collingwood with avidity. His artistic sense of

proportion is as keen as his historical insight. There is rare knowledge as well as a rare beauty in the Thorstein saga.

The translations of war books include "Siberian Garrison" (Davies; 7s. 6d.), by Rodion Markovits, who is a Hungarian, and "The Whistlers' Room" (Secker; 5s.), from the German of Paul Alverdes. They are both very good: the high standard of the war books remains amazing. "Siberian Garrison" is another of those footnotes to history that the veterans of the war continue to produce, and that possess an international as well as a poignantly human interest. It relates the experiences

of Hungarian officers, in battle and, at more considerable length, in a Siberian prison laager. We are all sadly familiar by this time with narratives of the war prisoners' comradeship of misery, and this is one of the very best of them, probably because it is a poet's spirit that comes sighing through the art of Rodion Markovits. He saw and felt the long-drawn suffering, and he has been inspired, as other poet-soldiers have been inspired, by the cathartic impulse of his haunted memory. "The Whistlers' Room" is a slim volume, faultless in form and studiously exact. There is no hate in either of these books; only compassion, and some wonder, and a very clear perception of the reactions of simple men to their abnormal tragedy.



MME. MAZO DE LA ROCHE,
Author of "Jalna."

left." That is the Shavian note on which the book comes adequately to an end. F. E. Mills Young's "Four Seasons" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) is, on the other hand, a sentimental novel which



MISS F. E. MILLS YOUNG,
Author of "Four Seasons."

THE "CRUX" OF THE NAVAL CONFERENCE—CRUISERS: TY

INCLUDING GERMANY'S "POCKET BATTLE-SHIP."

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

JOINT EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS." (COPYRIGHTED.)

ITALY: "BANDA NERE"
5,250 Tons. 37 Knots.
Eight 6-inch Guns.
(The fastest Cruiser Afloat)

ITALY: "ZARA"
10,000 Tons. 32 Knots.
Eight 8-inch Guns.

FRANCE: "FOCH"
10,000 Tons. 32 Knots.
Eight 8-inch Guns.

GERMANY: "ERSATZ PREUSSEN"
10,000 Tons. 26 Knots.
Six 11-inch Guns.

GERMANY: "PILGRIM"
6,000 Tons. 32 Knots.
Nine 6-inch Guns.

GREAT BRITAIN:
"EXETER"
8,400 Tons. 32 Knots.
Six 8-inch Guns

GREAT BRITAIN:
"DORSETSHIRE"
10,000 Tons. 32 Knots.
Eight 8-inch Guns.

U.S.A.: "AUGUSTA"
10,000 Tons. 32 Knots.
Nine 8-inch Guns.

JAPAN: "MYOKO"
10,000 Tons. 33 Knots.
Ten 8-inch Guns.

OSCAR PARKEZ.

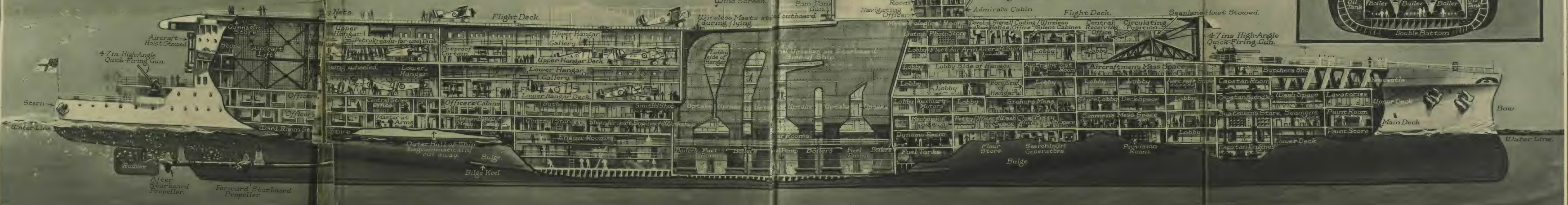
HOW THE CHIEF NAVAL POWERS HAVE DEVELOPED THEIR CRUISERS UNDER TREATY LIMITS: THE LATEST TYPES EVOLVED BY THE "BIG FIVE" AND GERMANY.

The cruiser question is expected to form the chief difficulty at the Naval Conference. The First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. A. V. Alexander) recently announced that the Government were prepared, on certain conditions, to agree to a reduction from seventy to fifty cruisers as the minimum required for the Empire. This proposal has been criticised by his predecessor, Lord Bridgeman. Among the new types of cruiser built under the limits imposed by the Washington Treaty, special interest attaches to the German ship "Ersatz Preussen," whose novel design and structure obtained increased power to beat any ship of her own (cruiser) tonnage, and fast enough to escape from any ship of her own (battle-ship) strength. But she is no menace to disarmament. She shows a new way for disarmament by enabling other Powers to reduce the size of their ships. Reduction in the size of battle-ships is another disputed question. Dr. Oscar Parkes supplies the following note on his drawings: "How the different Powers have developed cruisers under Treaty limits can be gathered from the above illustration, which shows for the first time the latest types evolved by the Big Five and Germany."

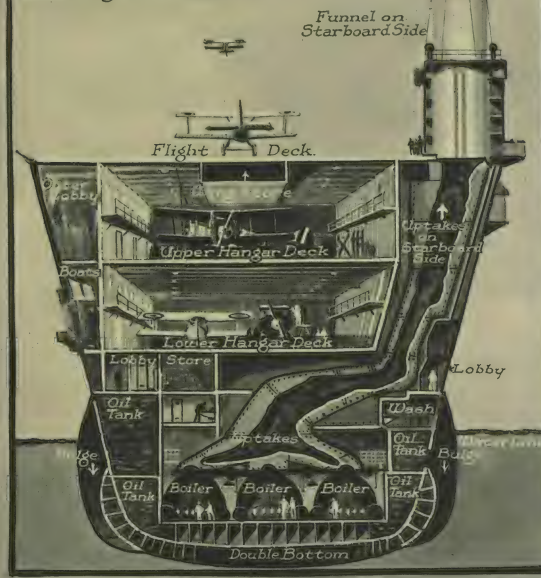
In the foreground is the 'pocket battle-ship' 'Ersatz Preussen,' with her two triple 11-inch gunned turrets, single 6-inch guns amidships, and triple torpedo tubes at the break of the deck aft. Note the simplicity of her lay-out and absence of top hamper. On her port side is the 6,000-ton cruiser 'Pilgrim' with three small turrets, each housing three 6-inch guns and two sets of triple torpedo-tubes amidships. From her 'Preussen' was developed the latest Japanese product, with ten 8-inch guns in five twin turrets, and six 4.7-inch A.A. (anti-aircraft) guns amidships. She is full of 'nature' with her sinuous deck level, huge, castle-like bridge-work, and trunked funnels. 'Zara' looks like a battle-ship, and is the best-protected of the six new light cruisers—the fastest afloat—which are Italy's reply to the big French destroyers. 'Augusta' is a disposed speedster. In 'Augusta' an armament of nine 8-inch is carried instead of the ten guns in earlier American Treaty ships. France, of course, is content with 8-inch, the 'Foch' being better protected and slower than previous units. Our own 'Dorsetshire' makes the worst of it on paper, but other than coming round to her principles, and reducing speed and armament to secure better sea-going qualities and protection. 'Exeter' carries six 8-inch guns."

An Important Unit in the "Categories" of Ships to be Discussed in Turn at the London Naval Conference: A Great British Aircraft-Carrier—H.M.S. "Courageous."

The Bizarre Bow & Stern Views of "H.M.S. Courageous."



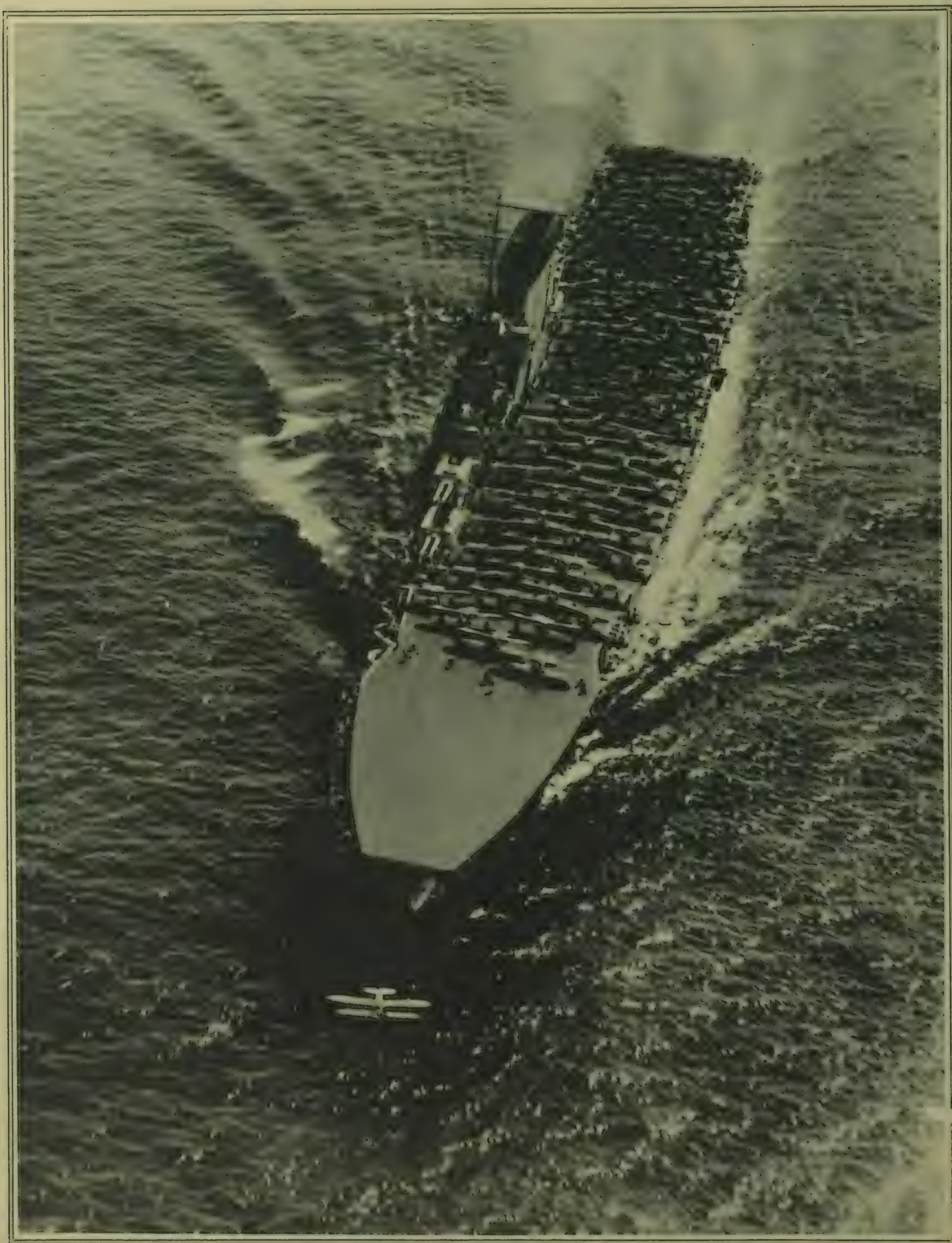
A Cross Section of the Ship Looking Forward.



THE MOST MODERN TYPE OF WAR-SHIP WHICH OUR NAVY IS SUPERIOR IN NUMBERS: "H.M.S. COURAGEOUS," ONE OF THE LATEST OF THE EIGHT BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS AND A SISTER-SHIP TO THE "GLORIOUS"—A PANORAMIC SECTIONAL VIEW OF A GREAT "FLOATING AERODROME."

Addressing the journalists chosen to report the proceedings of the Naval Conference, the Prime Minister said a few days ago that the world's Navies would be reviewed category by category, and that the British Government was prepared to make proposals on each category of ships in turn. A recent survey of the world's Fleets gave the respective number of aircraft-carriers possessed by the five chief Powers as follows: Great Britain, 8; Japan, 5; United States, 3; France, 1; and Italy, 1. It was stated a few weeks ago that H.M.S. "Glorious" was expected to be ready in February for service in the Mediterranean, where she would relieve her sister-ship, the "Courageous," the latter being transferred to the Far East. The "Glorious" was originally a cruiser formulated by the late Lord Fisher in 1915, and designed for Baltic operations. Later it was decided to convert this ship and her sister, the "Courageous," into aircraft-carriers. The "Courageous" was completed in March, 1922, her conversion having been completed in 1924. She is admirably adapted for her work with the funnel and superstructure placed on the starboard side so that she has an absolutely clear flight deck for the aircraft. She carries some fifty aeroplanes, consisting of flights of "Flycatcher" type ship-fighters, "Dart" type torpedo-planes, and Fairey "F3" reconnaissance machines. The ship's interior space is largely occupied by hangars for the aircraft, which are raised to the flying-deck by two special lifts, one situated just forward of the funnel, and the other right aft. She also has fully equipped workshops for the repair and overhaul of aeroplanes and aero-engines. With her tremendous speed of over 30 knots, this great ship can be quickly rushed to any spot where trouble is threatened, and, besides carrying aircraft, she can transport in emergency a large number of troops. This she actually did at the beginning of the riots in Palestine. As seen in the smaller illustration in the top right-hand corner, the uptakes from her boilers have been ingeniously carried up the starboard side to give clear space fore and aft in her hangars. For defence, the "Courageous" is armed with sixteen 4.7-in high-angle guns, and eighteen smaller weapons. She is 786 feet in length, and has a beam (outside bulges) of 81 feet. She has proved herself a very excellent ship for the work in which she is now employed.

A "HORNETS' NEST" AFLOAT: AEROPLANES ABOARD THEIR MOTHER-SHIP.



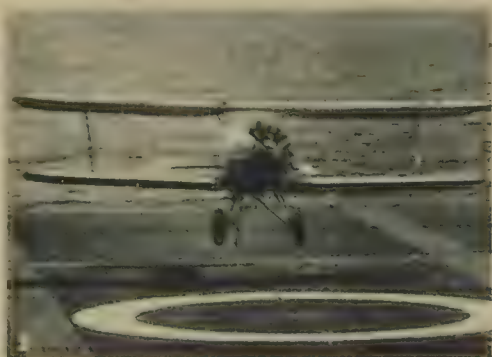
WITH A SWARM OF NEARLY 100 AEROPLANES ON HER FLIGHT DECK, AND ONE TAKING-OFF: THE "SARATOGA" CRUISING OFF SAN DIEGO—A STRIKING AIR VIEW OF THE GREAT U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER.

On page 132 we illustrate the landing of an aeroplane on the flight deck of the "Saratoga," shown in a sequence of film photographs. In the above photograph is seen, in the foreground, an aeroplane in flight just after it had taken-off from the bows of the same ship, while the remainder of the flight deck is packed with a great swarm of other machines, numbering in all about ninety. The "Saratoga" and the "Lexington" are the two largest American aircraft-carriers. In "Jane's Fighting Ships" we read: "These two

ships were originally authorised in 1916 for construction as battle-cruisers of 35,300 tons. After the War, plans were re-cast. As aircraft-carriers, these ships show a reduction (from the second battle-cruiser design) in displacement of about 8500 tons. The flight deck is 880 ft. long, 85 to 90 ft. wide, and 60 ft. above the water-line. . . . At the bow is a catapult of a new type capable of launching the heaviest aircraft into the air at flying speed." The "Saratoga" was completed in February, 1928.

HOW AN AEROPLANE LANDS ON AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER.

THE three columns of photographs on this page show in a single sequence (beginning from the top on the left and looking down each column) successive stages in the landing of an aeroplane on the flight deck of the big U.S. aircraft-carrier "Saratoga" during recent manœuvres of the American Navy. The photographs are enlargements from films taken for a recent issue of the "Pathé Super Gazette," distributed by First National Pathé, Ltd.



ALIGHTING WITHIN A WHITE CIRCLE ON AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER'S DECK: AN OPERATION NEEDING SKILL AND JUDGMENT.

This very interesting sequence of film photographs illustrates the fine judgment required on the part of an aeroplane pilot in so directing his machine as to alight within the white ring marked on the flight deck near the stern of the aircraft-carrier, and bring it to a standstill at the other end of the deck. The ring marks the correct spot for landing, as near as possible to the stern, and

allowing the longest possible run for coming to a standstill. As the aeroplane proceeds along the deck, members of the crew rush forward to render any help required, and their vigorous movements are shown in the photographs with dramatic and amusing effect. An air view of the same ship's deck, carrying a swarm of aeroplanes, appears on page 131.

A LION DRINKING; AND "INVESTIGATING" THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S "HIDE."

FROM THE BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILM, "STAMPEDE," MADE IN THE SUDAN BY THE COURT-TREATT EXPEDITION, AND SHORTLY TO BE PRODUCED.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE "HIDE," BUT QUITE UNSUSPICIOUS OF IT:
A LION COMING TO DRINK AT A WATER-HOLE.



ON HIS WAY TO THE WATER-HOLE: THE LION IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS,
UNWARE OF THE PROXIMITY OF A PHOTOGRAPHER HIDDEN CLOSE BY.



DRINKING IN DAYLIGHT—AS THE DISTRICT WAS UNINHABITED BY NATIVES—CONTRARY TO THE USUAL CUSTOM OF ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY THE
"CAT TRIBE," WHICH DRINK ONLY AT NIGHT IN INHABITED COUNTRY: THE LION TAKING A LONG PULL AT THE WATER-HOLE.



"WHAT WAS THAT?" THE LION (AFTER
HIS DRINK) WHIRLS ROUND WHEN THE
PHOTOGRAPHER "BLEATS" LIKE A GOAT.



"I MUST INVESTIGATE": THE LION MOVES
IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE.



"A FALSE ALARM!" THE LION APPROACHES
THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S "HIDE," BUT, FINDING
NOTHING, WALKS AWAY.

In our issue of December 5 last we illustrated the making of a great film-picture ("Stampede") of native and animal life in the Sudan, by the Court-Treatt Expedition, conducted by Major and Mrs. Court-Treatt and Mr. Errol Hinds. This film, "Stampede," will shortly be produced. A feature was the photographing of lions and other animals from a "hide" built to resemble a giant ant-hill. Mr. Hinds says: "The country in which this lion was photographed (near the Shalleika River, Southern Sudan)

[Continued opposite.]

was uninhabited; therefore the animals didn't mind drinking in daylight. In inhabited country most animals, and especially the 'cat tribe,' drink only at night. The lion came down to drink at 10 a.m. He is looking towards the 'hide,' but is really quite unsuspecting of it. He drank for about ten minutes, and then started moving off. As he was about to disappear into the long grass, I made a noise like a bleating goat. The lion whirled round and started towards the hide to investigate."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EVEN amid the most devastating pursuits, such as that of reviewing books in bulk, there may come now and then a golden gleam of consolation. As the poet puts it, in lines headed by that very word—"Consolation"—

Time, so complain'd of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimm'd hours.

Such an hour arrived for me the other day, and my heart leapt up when I beheld the following words written by Mr. Arnold Bennett: "There are two classes of men in society whom I daily venerate—bus-drivers and book-reviewers. Their tact, their self-possession and good

overwhelming monotony." Not having visited Spain, I cannot take sides in the matter, but it seems to me an argument that does not carry us very far, as one person's definition of "picturesque" might differ very considerably from another's. More serious are certain criticisms of the Spanish national character. "The chief aim of the Spanish Dictatorship," he declares, "has been . . . to turn a new leaf, a European leaf. How far Primo de Rivera has succeeded in it, I will not be so rash as to judge; but up to the present one feels rather inclined to repeat the French proverb: '*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*'"

In comparing Italian and Spanish Art the author evidently has in view the English reader, for he contrasts the qualities of the two schools as represented in the National Gallery. In the Italian rooms he finds "a feast of brilliant colours, like a streaming of oriflammes against the sparkling emerald of the lagoons; all the colours of the rainbow squeezed to the utmost of their essence; airiness of clean-swept skies, serenity of deeply expressive faces, opulence of fine clothes, juicy fruits, magnificent flowers . . . But whereas the colour of the sky dominates in the Italian rooms, that of the earth rules in the Spanish section. . . . With the Italian painters, grace takes the soft hues of the crystal horizon; with the Spanish the soothing tints of soaked earth. Apart from the sulphureous

sensitive critic, skilled to express in words the finest nuances of art, and a subtle interpreter of personalities, as in his pen-portraits of Whistler and Beardsley.

In this book, owing naturally to the character, habits, and choice of subjects of several of the men he writes about, there is inevitably much that is frankly sensuous—in fact, some might say that this is hardly a book for the old and innocent, and should be kept out of the hands of maiden aunts! This applies especially to the opening chapter (the longest of all) on Toulouse-Lautrec, of whom Mr. Symons writes: "It is impossible to say how evil Lautrec was and how much evil contagion he spread around him." Yet Mr. Symons, confessing to a *penchant* for perversity in genius, counts him one of the five greatest artists he has known. It seems curious that many people who deny that art has anything to do with morality do not seem to mind it having a good deal to do with immorality.

Despite an artistic flavour in the title, petrol and not paint is the *motif* of "CHINA TO CHELSEA": A Modern Pilgrimage along Ancient Highways. By Captain Duncan McCallum, M.C. Illustrated (Ernest Benn; 21s.). This delightful book has nothing to do with "dainty rogues in porcelain," but it has all the charm that belongs to a simple record of great adventure. In short, it describes an amazing motor-car journey of over 15,000 miles of "road" (often a courtesy title only) from the British Legation at Pekin, which Captain and Mrs. McCallum left on June 12, 1927, to their own front door in Chelsea, where they arrived on May 29, 1928. They drove by way of Indo-China, the Annam coast, Cambodia, Siam and Malaya, to India; thence along the Grand Trunk Road, through the Baluchistan Desert to Persia, Iraq, and Syria; and from Constantinople across Europe. Very soon, I feel sure, it will no longer be true to say with Kipling—

There ain't no buses runnin'
From the Bank to Mandalay.

Captain McCallum does, in fact, describe how they suddenly came upon an overturned motor-bus on a mountain pass in Kashmir, and he tells of trams in Teheran!

Still more adventurous is the wonderful world voyage of a nautical "owner-driver," single-handed in his own sailing-boat, which he describes under the title "IN QUEST OF THE SUN": The Journal of the *Firecrest*. By Alain Gerbault (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). However far he sailed on his lone trail across the oceans, M. Gerbault did not lose his interest in lawn-tennis. He got a game here and there at places where he landed, and on returning to Europe he eagerly studied the newspapers to see what Borotra and Lacoste were doing. At St. Vincent he spent some days on the French war-ship *Edgar Quinel*, which,



A NEW AND MAGNIFICENT CASINO ON THE RIVIERA: THE WHITE FAÇADE OF THE "PALAIS DE MÉDITERRANÉE," RECENTLY OPENED AT NICE.

judgment in the bright face of danger, the courageous, indomitable fight against the deadly influences of endless monotony on the soul, inspire me with admiration."

I am indeed proud to be associated in this handsome testimonial with a class of men to whom I daily entrust my personal safety. To Jehu at the wheel, I trow, belongs the greater praise; yet who am I to dispute so high a pronouncement upon my own fraternity? Not every eminent writer has thrown us any such bouquet—indeed, I can remember some whose remarks might be rather compared to a volley of carrots. They were generally people who, unlike Mr. Bennett, have never themselves practised the reviewer's craft. I mention no names, but leave the matter to their conscience.

While seeking, as usual, for some topical occasion on which to tack my screed, I had been wondering how long it would be before I got any book bearing on the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House. It has come at last, and by this time, of course, there is little wind left for my sails in that direction. In view of the author's position as an art critic, however, and the fact that the work contains essays already familiar, I need not enlarge unduly on "THE ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE." By Bernhard Berenson. Revised Edition. With sixteen illustrations (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 12s. 6d.). Here are collected, for the first time in one volume, Mr. Berenson's well-known studies of the four main groups of Italian painters—the Venetian, Florentine, Central Italian, and North Italian—with an essay on "The Decline of Art." We thus have a complete survey of the field by a leading authority, in a finely printed and illustrated volume worthy of the University that produced a kindred spirit—Walter Pater.

No serious visitor to the Exhibition will neglect Mr. Berenson's work. The permanent quality of his criticism is exemplified in a passage of his preface to the first edition of "Venetian Painters," which might have been written to-day, instead of in 1894. "Every generation," he says, "has an innate sympathy with some epoch of the past wherein it seems to find itself foreshadowed. Science has of late revealed and given much, but its revelation and gifts are as nothing to the promise it holds out of constant acquisition, and perpetual growth, of everlasting youth. We ourselves, because of our faith in science and the power of work, are instinctively in sympathy with the Renaissance."

After the Italian Exhibition I suppose we may some day look forward, among others, to an exhibition of Spanish art. I am led to this observation by the fact that there now lie before me two travel books on Spain, in the course of which I notice certain interesting comparisons between the art of that country and of Italy. The first of the two is the work of an Italian writer, who approaches his subject in rather a caustic mood. This book is "UNROMANTIC SPAIN." By Mario Praz. Illustrated (Knopf; 10s. 6d.). It appeared originally in Italian with the title "Penisola Pentagonale," and has been translated into English by the author himself. He is greatly concerned to refute Théophile Gautier's eulogy of Spain as "picturesque," declaring that the characteristic of the country is "the very antithesis of picturesqueness. . . . A grandiose,

gleam of El Greco's canvases, the rest of the Spanish rooms seem to strike a single note, a brown note of cork and pumice-stone, earthy."

A far more sympathetic, though discriminating, attitude towards the country of Don Quixote is evinced in the work of an American writer, namely, "SPAIN: A PAGEANT." By Arthur Stanley Riggs. Illustrated (Bles; 18s.). For this author the Spaniards are "an heroic people" and "a race which, notwithstanding its peculiarities and even anomalies of character, is in the large unusually wholesome, devout, straightforward, and gifted. . . . Spain (he continues) has entered upon her second renaissance. To-day she is as fluid—and alas! as elusive—as quicksilver. The motor, the telephone, the moving picture, the phonograph, the electric light, and the radio have in the past few years worked a far profounder change in the actual character of the people than all the events of the previous three centuries, including the discovery and loss of America itself."

In this book also we find some interesting comparisons on matters of art in a chapter about the Prado at Madrid. "If one examines the collection chronologically (we read), the contrast between the finish of the Italians and Flemings, on the one hand, and the still crude Spanish art on the other, is very striking. . . . The slow progress the Spanish artists made is brought sharply into evidence by the spectacle of so many flawless examples of foreign art. From the fifteenth century onwards, the Italians compose one of the most dazzlingly brilliant and effective parts of the whole. The Raphaels alone are worth a journey to Madrid. . . . the superlative group of Venetians has been pronounced by noted Italian scholars to be so matchless that to comprehend Venetian painting one must visit the Prado quite as religiously as Venice itself."

France as well as Spain, I hope, will some day bring the rarest fruits of her artistic genius to Burlington House. Meanwhile one phase of modern French art, and its exponents can be studied in a book by a well-known English critic, entitled "FROM TOULOUSE-LAUTREC TO RODIN." With some Personal Impressions. By Arthur Symons. Illustrated (Lane; 15s.). The "intermediate stations," as it were, on this artistic line are marked by the names of Degas, Constantin Guys, Honoré Daumier, Jean Louis Forain, Henry de Groux, Simeon Solomon, Monticelli, Gustave Moreau, Odilon Redon, Aubrey Beardsley, Whistler, and Manet. Mr. Symons is a



THE LUXURIOUS INTERIOR OF THE NEW CASINO AT NICE: THE FOYER AND PART OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE, SHOWING THE ELABORATE CEILING AND WALL DECORATION.

Further illustrations of the new Casino, known as the Palais de Méditerranée, recently built at Nice by Mr. Frank Jay Gould, are given on the opposite page. It has been described as the most luxurious in the world.

it will be recalled, came to grief during the recent gale. The other day I read in a gossip column that M. Gerbault is having a new boat built in Paris, with a view to sailing to the South Seas next September and there making his home. In his place I should indeed feel it was about time to settle down.

When discussing in my last article certain books relating to the colour question in various parts of the world, I had not received "THE COLOURED COUNTRIES." By Alec Waugh. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 15s.). Now I must hold it over. I see he has a good deal to say about two islands—Haiti and Martinique—which have both lately been "under a cloud," one political, the other volcanic. C. E. B.

MODERN DESIGN ON THE GRAND SCALE: A NEW RIVIERA CASINO.

SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

A LINER
DEPICTED IN
GLASS:
ONE OF THE
GREAT
COLOURED
WINDOWS IN
THE
ROULETTE
ROOM OF
THE NEW
CASINO AT
NICE—
A SERIES TO
REPRESENT
MODES
OF TRAVEL.



THE MODERNIST NOTE IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN: A DOORWAY OF HIGHLY ORIGINAL DESIGN IN THE NEW CASINO, WITH SHELL "CAPITALS" AND AN ORGAN-PIPE EFFECT OVER THE LINTEL.



WITH WALL-LIGHTS REPRESENTING CONVENTIONALISED RIVIERA PALMS, AND JAZZ DESIGNS IN CEILING DECORATION: AN ENTRANCE DOORWAY IN THE NEW CASINO AT NICE.

BIZARRE
EFFECTS
PRODUCED
BY
REFLECTION:
PART OF
THE GRAND
STAIRCASE IN
THE NEW
CASINO AT
NICE AS SEEN
IN A MIRROR
PANEL ON
A LANDING.
MIDWAY UP.



Modern design in architecture and decoration is seen on an elaborate and costly scale in the new Casino, known as the Palais de Méditerranée, which was recently opened at Nice. As is shown in one of our illustrations on the opposite page, it has an imposing white façade, and stands on the front facing the sea. The Casino was built by Mr. Frank Jay Gould, the well-known American multi-millionaire, and has been described as the most luxurious in the world. Since the opening, a few weeks ago, there has been some sensational play in the gaming

rooms. Our concern here, however, is rather with the strikingly original character of the interior designs, especially in the matter of windows, doorways, and the ornamentation of walls. In the Roulette Room there is a series of great windows in coloured glass depicting various forms of travel, such as the liner seen in our illustration above. The soft colours of the Riviera are skilfully blended in this modernist glass-work. Singularly effective is the unusual type of doorway seen in the adjoining illustration. The whole scheme suggests a palace of modernity.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE NIGHT-FLOWERING CEREUS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OUR conception of the world we live in is much less exact than we imagine: it is made up of average experiences, very rarely scrutinised, and very imperfectly understood. Nowhere is this more apparent than in regard to the realm of Nature. When we think of the seasons, for example, we visualise each in turn, in terms of their average features, according to our own experience and the latitude in which we live. For those of us who live in "our England," the spring is the time of the earliest flowers—snowdrops, daffodils, primroses, and so on; the thought of the summer months conjures up visions of a galaxy of flowers bathed in sunshine, of butterflies and dragon-flies, and the birds that we call our "summer migrants." We think of autumn as the time of gorgeous colour-effects, produced by the autumn tints of the trees; while the winter we picture as a time of gloom, bare trees, and flowerless gardens, cold winds and rain, frost and snow.

The very keynote of our standard of comfort in this regard is sunshine. We are built that way: sunshine—the ultra-violet rays—is necessary to our well-being. And the "fitter" we feel the more we are convinced of the need of sunshine for all things living. Nevertheless, a whole host of animals avoid it. To bats and owls, and insects without number, sunshine is anathema! There are many species of moths which not only never see the sun, but which live out their short lives in the dead of winter, like the December moth, and even then emerging from the hiding place only at night. In the life before it lived this life—that is to say, in

the same form, coloration, and scent, they would outnumber the available insect agents, for these would also have to be of one type. To remedy this, some flowers, so to speak, cater for bees,

I give here because it is impossible to be certain as to the identity of this plant—a night-flowering *Cereus*—but to this I must return in a moment. For the present, let me lay stress on the surprising brevity of the life of this flower, which is limited to some six or eight hours. There are certain inferences to be drawn from this. In the first place, we may take it that the climatic conditions are stable, and that the flowering period has become adjusted to the time of the maximum abundance of the moth which must effect fertilisation. Where the climate is variable, as with us, a longer survival period for the flower would be necessary, lest some nights should be too wet, or too cold, for the flight of the moth.

As touching the original home of this most wonderful plant, since it is one of the cactuses, this can only be the New World, for here only is the cactus tribe found in a wild state. From the evidence of these photographs alone it is impossible to determine its precise species, but it is probably a native of Venezuela. The genus *Cereus*, however, contains a large number of species, and most of them must be day-flowering plants, for their blooms display a surprising range of colour—red, blue, purple and lilac, with intermediate shades. But there are several night-flowering species, and, while some of these have pure white blooms, others are red and white, or yellow and white. I note one puzzling exception. This is *Cereus speciosissimus*, which has crimson flowers. All that I can find, however, about the species forming the subject of this essay, at the moment, concerns cultivated plants, on which it is always dangerous to place too much reliance as to inferences concerning the plant in a wild state.

The genus *Cereus*, which has been known as a greenhouse plant since 1690—displays a striking versatility, not merely in the size and coloration of its flowers, but in its adaptability to very different conditions of existence, as is shown by the fact that some species are found growing in the bark of trees after the fashion of orchids. As I have already mentioned, true cactuses are found only in the New World. But they have their counterparts in the Old World in the euphorbias of Australia and the curiously cactus-like plants of Africa and the West Indies. The African species, indeed, have adjusted themselves to even more



FIG. 1. SHOWING HOW BUDS OF NIGHT-FLOWERING *CEREUS* SPRING FROM THE LEAF-LIKE OUTGROWTHS ON LARGER LEAVES: A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF THE UNOPENED FLOWERS.

These give a good view of the mode of attachment of the flowers, some of which spring from leaf-like outgrowths along the edge of a larger "leaf." Some species of *Cereus* are climbers; some are almost spherical; while others display erect, column-like stems with candelabra-like branches, the whole plant attaining to a height of as much as 60 ft.

some for butterflies, some for moths, and some for carrion and other flies.

Since colour is non-existent at night, flowers which are dependent on night-flying insects for fertilisation are white, and have a strong scent. The insect is attracted to the required neighbourhood by scent, and finally guided to the right spot by the ghostly radiance of the white petals. We find this to be so in our own gardens, but in certain tropical and sub-tropical species of plants we find this association between scent and whiteness in an accentuated form.

This was brought home to me a few days ago, when one of my weekly readers sent me, from Siam, a most interesting account of a

species of *Cereus*. "My Chinese coolies," he writes, "have a kind of cactus-plant which a few days ago produced a number of large, spiky buds from the edge of its leaves, and which, they told me, would bloom at 10 p.m. on a certain night. Having heard of this plant before, I got a photographer to come along, with the result you see (Figs. 2 and 3). There were six blooms in all, which only lasted for a few hours, and when daylight came were closed and limp, and finally dropped off. The flowers, which give off a heavy, sickly scent during their so very brief life, measure roughly five-and-a-half inches across, and were of a truly beautiful creamy-white. . . ."

The photographs referred to by Mr. Slack are shown in Figs. 2 and 3. But he also sent with his letter the above pen-and-ink sketch (Fig. 1), which



FIG. 2. NOCTURNAL FLOWERS THAT LIVED ONLY SIX OR EIGHT HOURS: BLOOMS OF A NIGHT-FLOWERING *CEREUS* FROM SIAM.

As is the rule in the case of night-flowering plants, the blooms are white. There is an apparently striking exception to the rule in the case of *Cereus speciosissimus*, which has crimson flowers. But of this plant nothing is apparently known in a wild state. The green-house plant may be a hybrid.

the caterpillar stage—a sun-bath was a daily experience. What led to this strange heliophobia on attaining to the adult state?

Most of us, probably, regard flowers and sunlight as inseparable. Yet it must be common knowledge that many flowers—like the tobacco-plant and honeysuckle—keep their fragrance till the shades of night are falling. Herein is no inconsequent happening, but, on the contrary, a nice adjustment to the conditions of existence. Flowers, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, are structures displaying an almost awesome variety and splendour of form and colour, as well as a wonderful diversity in the matter of the odours that they exhale—some subtly delicious, some nauseating. Nor are these qualities merely accidental. On the contrary, they are interdependent, and directly related to the all-important function of reproduction. Colour and scent are lures to secure the services of insects as distributors of the vitally essential pollen. If all flowers had



FIG. 3. MEASURING 5½ INCHES ACROSS: BLOOMS OF THE SAME NIGHT-FLOWERING *CEREUS* AS IN FIG. 2.

These blooms measure 5½ inches across, but in the species known to gardeners as the "Queen of the Night," *Cereus nycticaulus*, of Mexico, they have a diameter of nearly 9 inches.

rigorous conditions of existence, since they flourish in regions which belong to the driest parts of the earth. Their leaves, as with the cactuses, have become transformed into spines for the protection of the succulent stem, whose moisture must be rigorously guarded.

HAPPENINGS OVERSEA: SOME NOTABLE EVENTS IN THREE CONTINENTS.



A BIG HOTEL FIRE IN SPAIN: THE REINA CRISTINA HOTEL AT ALGECIRAS AFTER THE DISASTER.

Fire broke out in the Reina Cristina Hotel at Algeciras at 5 p.m. on January 11, and, fanned by a high wind, spread rapidly, so that the building was completely gutted. Sixty guests were reported to have lost all their belongings, and a woman who was ill had to be carried down a ladder. There was no loss of life. The Gibraltar Fire Brigade went to the scene, but, despite every effort, it was found impossible to save the hotel. It was one of the finest in Spain.



COAL-MINING DISTURBANCES IN AUSTRALIA: AN AIR VIEW OF THE MINE OFFICES AT ROTHBURY, NEW SOUTH WALES, RECENTLY ATTACKED BY MINERS.

On December 16, soon after dawn, some 8000 miners from the northern coal-fields of New South Wales gathered at the Rothbury Colliery, which the State Government had arranged to open with volunteer labour. A large body of miners charged the police camp, hurling sticks and stones, but were driven back by the police, who used their truncheons and fired revolvers over the miners' heads. A second and uglier rush was stopped by a direct volley; several miners were



FIRE IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON: DÉBRIS IN A STUDIO FOR MURAL DECORATION WORK—WITH A MODEL OF THE CAPITOL IN THE BACKGROUND.

On January 3 flames were seen in the attic of the old library space near the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and very soon twenty-seven fire companies arrived and extinguished the blaze, which did damage estimated at £600. The attic was used as a studio for men engaged in re-touching the mural decorations. One painter was asleep when the fire began, and was rescued semi-conscious. Only about a fortnight before a fire occurred at the White House, and it was reported that the repairs to the Presidential Offices would cost £15,000.



DURING THE RIOTS AT ROTHBURY, IN WHICH ONE MINER WAS KILLED AND MANY INJURED: THE POLICE MOVING BACK MINERS FROM THE COLLIERY OFFICES.

wounded and one afterwards died. Later, the miners made a third attack, one party trying to storm the colliery, while others tore up a railway line and fired on the police. Nine miners were treated in hospital, and about forty had less serious injuries. Nine policemen were injured, one of them seriously. Eleven arrests were made among the miners who attacked the railway. The Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Scullin, announced a compulsory conference between the disputants.



ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGE OF MURDERING MISS OLIVE BRANSON AT LES BAUX: FRANÇOIS PINET IN COURT DURING HIS TRIAL.

Sensational scenes took place at the trial of François Pinet, at Aix-en-Provence, on the charge of murdering Miss Olive Branson, an Englishwoman, who, on April 26 last, was found shot in a cistern in the garden of her villa near Les Baux. The trial ended on January 18 in the acquittal of Pinet, and the verdict aroused enthusiastic demonstrations. He had managed an hotel at Les Baux for Miss Branson. In support of the suicide theory it was alleged that she had been depressed by the rejection of a picture which she had submitted to the Royal Academy.



WEARING NO TIE (AS USUAL WITH MEN UNDER ARREST IN FRANCE): FRANCIS LORANG (SECOND FROM RIGHT) IN THE PARIS EXTRADITION COURT.

Mr. Francis Lorang, of the Blue Bird Company, against whom extradition proceedings were recently instituted in France, is here seen in court before a magistrate in Paris, accompanied by his two counsel. His lack of a tie is said to be in accordance with police practice with men under arrest in France. It has been reported since that his extradition may be delayed, possibly for a year or two, owing to a new charge having been brought against him in Paris, the trial of which will take precedence.

RESTORING THE GREATEST MASTERPIECES OF GREEK ARCHITECTURE:

RECENT WORK ON THE PARTHENON, ERECHTHEUM, AND PROPYLEÆ.



DETAIL OF RESTORATION WORK ON THE ERECHTHEUM (TEMPLE OF ERECHTHEUS), ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS: A FRIEZE ON THE SOUTHERN WALL, COMPOSED PARTLY OF SEVENTEEN FRAGMENTS FOUND FALLEN ON THE GROUND, WITH THE REMAINDER IN A PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WORK OF REPAIR UNDERTAKEN IN 1908: PART OF THE PERISTYLE OF THE PROPYLEÆ.

We illustrate here the present state of progress in the repair of the Parthenon, the famous Temple of Athens on the Acropolis at Athens. Under the direction of M. Nicolas Balanos the fallen masonry around the building is being replaced in position. There is no attempt at a complete restoration of the Parthenon, but where necessary missing sections are being replaced with "Piræus rock" with a covering of concrete. This is considered to harmonise better with the original masonry than would new pieces of marble. Some capitals of columns in the north peristyle, however, are being replaced with new capitals of Pentelic marble. In an article tracing the progress of restoration work on the Acropolis, a French writer, M. André Charbonnier, says: "During 1854 repairs were undertaken; and in 1875 the Frankish tower which stood in front of the Propylea was pulled down. All these works, however, except the excavations, were conducted without method; and there was faulty use of material, such as red brick without any casing for the walls and columns. After 1854 all work was suspended; and the earthquake of 1894, which loosened some of the drums and the architrave of the lower western colonnade of the Parthenon, caused serious anxiety regarding the stability of the monument. At the instigation of the Greek Government an international consultation was held, consisting of the French architect, Magne; the Englishman, Penrose; and the German, Durr; and they decided on replacement of the destroyed pieces, and consolidation of the monument, especially of the pediment and west colonnade. A local commission gave the direction of the work to M. Nicolas Balanos, Chief Engineer of Public Works in Athens. The Greek Archaeological Society provided the funds. . . The repair of the Erechtheion (or Erechtheum), begun in 1902 (with an interruption between 1905-7), was finished in 1908. The Erechtheion had been terribly damaged by a bomb during the siege of the Acropolis in 1827, but an engraving, dated from 1751 and showing the monument as the Romans had transformed it, permitted the west façade to be re-established. In this restoration few new marbles were used. Old marbles found during the 1888 excavations in the Acropolis, and belonging to the Poros of the Caryatids, were used. As the Caryatids were in no condition to support the weight of the architrave and of the roof, M. Balanos had the whole mass carried on to a framework concealed in the width of the architrave and resting on three iron supports. Already in 1842 the face and the base of one of the caryatids of the east façade had been restored. A second caryatid of the south façade, taken by Lord Elgin for the British Museum, where it can still be seen, has been replaced by a cement moulding. From the remains of the east façade and part of the roof of the Propylea, picked up between 1908 and 1917, we can obtain an idea of what the monument looked like in its entirety. At that period it was considered the most perfect on the Acropolis. Thanks to the work done, many details of the Greek art of building have come to light, especially the use of iron beams to protect and strengthen the marble. Up to that period the reconstructed pieces had been in marble with a patina, and in harmony with the rest of the building. M. Balanos came to the conclusion, in opposition to current ideas, that concrete, coloured before use, was much

(Continued opposite.)



AS IT IS NOW: THE SAME CORNER OF THE PROPYLEÆ (AS IN THE ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE) WITH RESTORED COLUMN AND ROOF.



AS IT IS NOW: THE GATE OF THE PARTHENON RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL DIMENSIONS BY REMOVAL OF THE LATERAL BLOCKS.



AS IT WAS: THE GATE OF THE PARTHENON RESTORED BY THE ROMANS AFTER A FIRE, AND NARROWED BY BLOCKS SUPPORTING AN ARCH.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE PROCESS OF RESTORATION: THE ERECHTHEUM ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS, DAMAGED BY WEATHER AND BY A BOMB IN 1827.

[Continued.] better than marble, as it blended better with the whole of the monument and the atmosphere. To-day this has been definitively proved: the caryatid of the Erechtheion restored in marble in 1842 has not yet acquired a patina, whereas the moulding in cement, the original of which is in London, has quite become part of the monument. The success of the restoration of the Erechtheion and of the Propylea decided the treatment of the north side of the Parthenon. Parts of columns and pieces of architrave had been on the



AS IT IS NOW: THE ERECHTHEUM AS REPAIRED DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, WITH ITS COLUMNS AND ARCHITECTURE RESTORED AND MANY FALLEN FRAGMENTS REPLACED IN THEIR ORIGINAL POSITION.

ground since the explosion of 1687. With the exception of all the metopes, very few of the antique pieces were missing; only eight drums of the 42 required for the raising-up of the columns; two capitals, one of which is in the Elgin Room in London, a piece of the outer architrave, and four or five pieces of the inner architrave. It was, therefore, a case of replacing them. Of the eight columns which fell in the 1687 explosion, seven have been put up again. The core of the drums has been made in hard stone, [Continued below.]



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WORKS OF RESTORATION: THE PROPYLEÆ—THE GREAT ENTRANCE PORCH ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

[Continued.] and the outer covering in marble concrete and coloured cement in which grooves have been inserted; the drums, which were in a very bad condition, have thus been restored. The restoration of the great door of the Parthenon was done after the same fashion, and it has regained its original dimensions, that is, 10 metres (about 32 ft.) high by 5 metres (about 16 ft.) wide. . . The works have the added interest that they have enabled us to penetrate into the secret of the construction of the temple. In the report made by the engineer to the Academy of Inscriptions on June 13, 1925, are described



AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT STAGE OF RESTORATION: THE PROPYLEÆ WITH ITS ARCHITRAVE AND PART OF THE PEDIMENT (ON THE RIGHT) REPLACED IN POSITION.

various discoveries as to the cutting of the marble, methods of joining, and the curves of the Parthenon. An interesting detail is that M. Balanos was thus able to decide the exact position of each block of the architrave, by measuring the angles made by the perpendicular joints on the total curve. Thanks to the liberality of some American art-lovers, the work on the north façade has been actively pushed on, and soon we may hope for the completion of the magnificent task to which M. Balanos has devoted himself. We show a view of the north façade of the Parthenon as it has been restored."



THE PARTHENON AS IT WAS IN 1894: ONLY TWO COLUMNS AND TWO HALF-COLUMNS ON THE NORTH SIDE RESTORED WITH RED BRICK, AND SOME CAPITALS ON THE WEST FRONT COMPLETED WITH NEW MARBLE.



THE PARTHENON AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY AFTER THE RECENT WORKS OF RESTORATION AND CONSOLIDATION: THE GREAT TEMPLE WITH PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE OF THE NORTHERN COLONNADE REPLACED IN POSITION.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: ITALIAN MAJOLICA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

should be noted—and not merely those from Urbino—are painted in the manner of Raphael from Marc Antonio's engravings, and in the following century from designs by the Caracci. Fra Xanto, in whose style Fig. 1 is painted, is a notable artist who, greatly to the advantage of collectors and historians, nearly always signed his pieces.

Fig. 3, at first sight of Urbino manufacture, is given to Faenza. The attribution rests upon points

incongruity between a picture of Christ before Pilate and the Cupid with the broken bow-string in the sunk centre of the plate. It must be confessed that the meaning of this strange juxtaposition is not very clear to the modern mind. A more typical piece from Faenza is seen in Fig. 6, the centre painted with an angel, and with three borders of oak-leaves on alternate blue and orange grounds.

THE overwhelming impression presented by the Italian pictures at Burlington House is calculated to absorb the whole attention of the casual visitor and to make him overlook the very choice little collection of bronzes, textiles, and ceramics which are an integral part of the exhibition. As regards the subject of this article he is, perhaps, inclined to dismiss it as something of great beauty and striking colour, but of rather obscure origin—a type of pottery, in short, which, while easily recognised for what it is, has not yet become acclimatised in England. Nor has it received even that measure of popular, if unthinking, acceptance which is given to almost anything that forms a frequent decoration in the average house. The reason, of course, is that majolica is not only beautiful, but rare—yet happily not so rare that very good, if not superlative, specimens are beyond the reach of the ordinary purse. Like Italian painting, its most obvious characteristic is its colouring: yellow, deep blue, aubergine, green, red, are all used with a depth and brilliancy that makes majolica easily the most gorgeous of European pottery.

Its beginnings were Eastern, but the technique came to Italy from the West, *via* Spain and the Island of Majorca. The Italians, not unreasonably, called the fine Hispano-Moresque wares they imported from the island "majolica," and the name—though actually a misnomer—remained when they had adopted and improved upon the method of manufacture. It is, of course, almost a certainty that they learnt the technique from Moorish emigrants, though one or two authorities incline to the view that the earliest influence was rather Persian than Moorish. There seems to be no popular handbook in English dealing with this beautiful ware. There are many articles appearing from time to time in the more learned magazines of Europe, but these are mostly concerned with rather subtle questions of date and attribution, and presuppose a considerable knowledge on the part of the reader. The following is an attempt to give the main facts of a very complicated history.

The first dated piece is 1475, and the finest period from the collector's point of view is from about 1520 to 1560. Of the various towns in which majolica was made, each one of which has its own special characteristics of style, the first to be mentioned must be Urbino, not because it was the earliest seat of pottery manufacture, but because its productions are probably the more immediately charming to the novice.

With very few exceptions, they consist of illustrations to a legend, and not of formal designs alone. In general the scenes are of classical and mythological subjects, illustrating stories from Ariosto and Virgil, and especially from that Renaissance favourite, Ovid. Figs. 1 and 4 are good examples. Many dishes, it



FIG. 1. "VULCAN FORGING THE WINGS OF CUPID": A SPECIMEN OF URBINO MAJOLICA IN THE STYLE OF FRA XANTO. DATING FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY (DIAMETER, 11½ IN.)



FIG. 2. A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE THAT RECALLS EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN POTTERY AND STRENGTHENS THE THEORY OF THE PERSIAN ORIGIN OF MAJOLICA: A TWO-HANDLED VASE FROM ORVIETO.

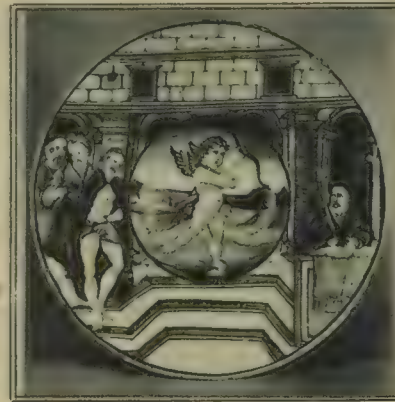


FIG. 3. A STRANGE JUXTAPOSITION OF SUBJECTS: "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" AND "CUPID WITH A BROKEN BOW" IN A SUNK CENTRE—A MAJOLICA PIECE FROM FAENZA WHICH DATES FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



FIG. 4. "THE SACRIFICE OF PAULUS AEMILIUS": AN EXAMPLE OF MAJOLICA FROM URBINO, FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (DIAMETER, 11½ IN.)

of colour and style which are beyond the scope of this article. It is reproduced rather as an interesting

Next to be noted is Siena, of which Figs. 5 and 7 are examples. The latter is a very shallow plate, the centre painted with two clasped hands and the motto "Fides," with numerous borders in varying colours. The drawing of the hands is faulty and the sentiment is to us oddly reminiscent of a valentine, but no monochrome photograph can do justice to the superb decorative effect of the glowing colour and formal design of the multiple border. Fig. 5 is a noble specimen, with the arms of the Colonna family in blue on a siena ground. It will be readily understood that a great deal of the majolica which has survived the centuries consists of carefully treasured pieces and services of this description originally made for an ancestor and handed down, sometimes in the same mansion, to the present day.

The second illustration takes us back from the sophisticated vigour of full Renaissance splendour to a simpler view-point. Fig. 2 is a two-handled vase decorated in green and aubergine from Orvieto, and is given to the middle of the fourteenth century. One feels immediately that the theory of Persian as opposed to Moorish influence in these early days has something to recommend it, for this piece is quite definitely reminiscent of pottery from, at any rate, the Eastern Mediterranean.

Gubbio, Deruta, Padua, Castel Durante, Caffagiolo are other centres which produced identifiable wares, and the inquirer who cares to pursue the subject further will find plenty of opportunities to exercise his critical faculties in attributing to their most likely potteries a multitude of pieces which elude a cut-and-dried classification. The illustrations to this article are from an interesting exhibition of majolica and bronzes at the galleries of Alfred Spero and Kerin, Ltd. Twenty items in the catalogue are noted as "Jars of Unidentified Factories," so that the visitor who enjoys the game of attributions can give full rein to his imagination by endeavouring to fill up the blanks.



FIG. 5. WITH THE ARMS OF THE COLONNA FAMILY: A NOBLE SPECIMEN OF ITALIAN MAJOLICA FROM SIENA, DATING FROM ABOUT THE YEAR 1520. (DIAMETER, 12½ IN.)



FIG. 6. FROM A TOWN CLAIMED TO BE THE ORIGINAL HOME OF FAIENCE: A TAZZA IN FAENZA MAJOLICA, WITH AN ANGEL IN CENTRE AND BORDERS OF OAK LEAVES. (C. 1530.)



FIG. 7. "ODDLY REMINISCENT OF A VALENTINE": A SHALLOW MAJOLICA PLATE FROM SIENA, WITH RICH BORDERS ROUND CLASPED HANDS AND THE MOTTO "FIDES." (C. 1510-20.)

example of sixteenth-century psychology and not as typical of the products of this famous little town. No doubt the painter, whoever he was, saw no



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their views on every subject are individual and lively on the latest topics; but some things are settled beyond discussion, and one of these is that the soda water which enlivens so many other liquids must be

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DINING-ROOMS IN THE MODERN MANNER.



A CORNER IN A DINING-ROOM-LOUNGE: THE COCKTAIL-TABLE IS IN WEATHERED OAK, AND THE BOOK-TABLE IN SILVER-GILT.
Reproduced by Courtesy of Heal and Son, Ltd.



LIGHT WEATHERED OAK AND MODERNISTIC WALL-PAPER: A SUCCESSFUL SUGGESTION FOR THE FURNISHING AND DECORATION OF A SMALL ROOM LEADING INTO ANOTHER.
Reproduced by Courtesy of Shoolbreds, Ltd.

Modern designs in furniture have proved so successful that the George V. period is now as firmly established in history as are the Jacobean or Georgian. It is interesting to remark how greatly contemporary life has affected the change. Until the war, family meals were a solemn ceremony and not to be taken hurriedly. The tables and chairs were appropriately large and conscious of their importance, while a massive side-board occupied the whole of one long wall. To-day, meals are less and of a lighter atmosphere, while rooms are half the size. The dining-room in a small

[Continued opposite.]



FOR AN "ADAM" PERIOD ROOM: PERFECT REPRODUCTIONS OF ADAM FURNITURE COMPLETE THIS LOFTY WHITE-AND-GREEN ROOM FOR A HOUSE EXCLUSIVELY "PERIOD." IT IS FURNISHED ENTIRELY BY HAMPTONS, OF PALL MALL EAST, S.W.—*[Reproduced by Courtesy of Hamptons, Ltd.]*

[Continued.]

flat is considered to be of the least importance, and is frequently the smallest room. The governing spirit in modern decoration is not to emphasise the dining element, but to achieve a pleasantly furnished room which might be equally well a lounge or a study. Illustrated on this page are rooms attractively furnished in the modern manner, designed for a very small flat or for a large house. They form an interesting contrast with the Adam period room also shown, in the centre, which gives at once an impression of space and loftiness. In large houses "period" decoration and furnishing is always fashionable.



WITH THREE TABLES IN ONE: A DINING-ROOM WHICH CAN BE TRANSFORMED IN A MOMENT TO A LOUNGE WITH OCCASIONAL TABLES, AS THE DINING-TABLE IS IN THREE SEPARATE PIECES.—*[Reproduced by Courtesy of Heal and Son, Ltd.]*



A BEAUTIFUL ROOM WITH CONCEALED LIGHTING IN THE CEILING; THE WALLS ARE PANELLED IN GABOON MAHOGANY, WITH A BOOKCASE BUILT IN AT EACH END. THE DESIGN OF THE TABLE IS NEW AND INTERESTING.—*[Reproduced by Courtesy of Shoolbreds, Ltd.]*



MISS EVE GRAY, who is the *Sleeping Beauty* at the Drury Lane Pantomime, testifies to the value of "Ovaltine" in the following letter:—

"When I first started my stage and film career I became distinctly anxious concerning the loss of vitality I felt at the end of an arduous day's work. Now I can face the prospect of a matinée and another performance in the evening, or a day in a film studio, with a feeling of exhilaration. I think this is entirely due to the cup of 'Ovaltine' I take every night just before going to bed. While I am playing the *Sleeping Beauty* at Drury Lane twice a day for some weeks I know I can rely on 'Ovaltine' to overcome any fatigue I may experience."

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE NEW ALVIS "SILVER EAGLE"

VERY few of the cars I have faithfully dealt with in these columns during the past three years have shown such rapid improvement, year by year, as the Alvis. The Alvis has always been something of a special type. I have nothing very much to go on in making this definition, but anyone who has driven it, in its various phases, will know what I mean. It is an unusually successful combination of the sporting and touring types. It is a fast tourer, and at the same time a comfortable sporting car—the latter being almost a myth.

The Excellent Alvis Engines.

I have not always wanted the current Alvis for myself—for one reason or another—but I have always completely appreciated the point of view of those who did. The feature that has always attracted me in all of them since about 1925 has been the engine, whether it was the "Four" or the "Six." The "Four" was one of the most efficient 12-h.p. engines made, and its reliability was famous, and deservedly so. Last year's "Six" was a worthy successor to it (they make nothing but "Sixes" now, if you leave out the extremely "special" front-wheel drive "Eight"), and I should imagine that it will eventually eclipse the memory of the old "Four," out of which one could sometimes get such surprising



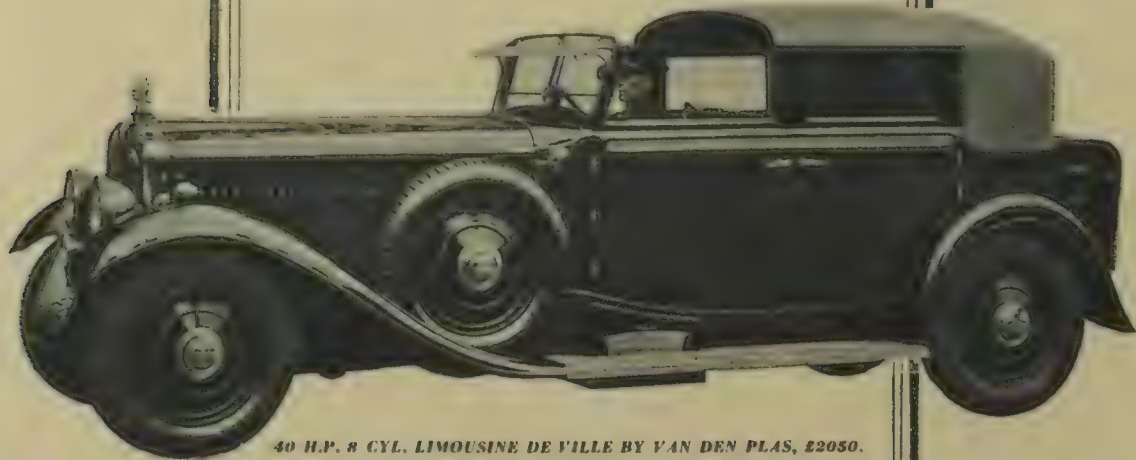
A COMPETITOR IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. E. VON ROSSAUER (CENTRE) AND HIS GRAHAM-PAIGE SALOON.

Mr. von Rossauer, here seen with two of his passengers, arranged to start from Gibraltar. Last year, it will be recalled, the Rally was won by Dr. J. J. Springer van Eijk in a Graham-Paige. Then, he started from Stockholm. This year he decided to start from Jassy.

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results. The feature I did not like so much, in common with many very real Alvis enthusiasts, was the rather noisy gear-box. It was always a good box (with one exception always correctly geared), and the noise it made on third and second never, so far as I know, got any worse. After 50,000 miles' hard driving your Alvis gears were no noisier than they were at the beginning, and by then probably noticeably quieter than most cars of the same price and the same age. You knew where you were when you bought an Alvis, which is more than you can say about quite a number of apparently similar cars.

The "Atlantic" the "Atlantic" Saloon.

The latest type, the "Atlantic" saloon, sold at £965, is a markedly better car than any of the old ones I have known during the past five years. It is not only that the gear-box is distinctly quieter, but that the whole performance of the car is more engaging. You could always get very willing speed and hill-climbing out of a well-kept Alvis, but it did its work without worrying very much about manners. The new one is quite as fast on the level, is certainly a pluckier hill-climber, past question more flexible; but the hum of its gears is now practically normal. It is not quiet, compared with that of certain boxes in which noiselessness has been aimed at, but the noise it makes is perfectly normal. One no longer notices it—except, perhaps, at very high revolution rates. And, anyhow, the note is thoroughly healthy. There is no whine about it—that terrible, high-pitched scream which, however subdued, speaks volumes of future repair-bills.

The Latest Engine.

The engine has only undergone slight modifications since the last issue. The bore and stroke are now 67.5 by 100 mm., which implies a £17 tax, the cubic content being a little over two litres. The valves are overhead, operated by push-rod and rocker. The crankshaft runs in four bearings, the connecting-rods are of duralumin, and the ignition is of the dual type. A single set of plugs are fired either by a polar-inductor magneto or by coil and battery, the combined system being fitted with special switches. A single carburettor is fitted. The gear-ratio is rather on

(Continued overleaf.)

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(Continued.)

the low side, top being 5.2 to 1, third, 8 to 1; second 12 to 1; and bottom, 20 to 1. The engine is capable of a particularly high revolution rate, 4500 a minute being "official." At this tremendous turn-over the speeds are over seventy on top, fifty on third, and over thirty on second. All this sounds as if the attainment of a high average speed must entail fuss, but, as a matter of fact, the engine runs at all speeds with commendable absence of vibration, and at about 3000 it is perfectly happy. That is about its comfortable cruising rate, the figure at which it will keep itself almost automatically. There is a certain amount of noise from under the bonnet at over fifty miles an hour, but it is a thoroughly healthy noise, and one to which nobody with an ear for mechanics could possibly take exception.

I should say that when the car is well run-in and in the hands of a considerate driver, it should always be capable of a generous sixty miles an hour. This is with a roomy saloon and a fair expanse of wind-trap. More is available, without doubt, but if you can be certain of doing well over a mile a minute with a car of this type, with a full load of passengers (it is not always realised yet what a difference load makes to the performance of engines under three litres capacity), you have nothing to complain of, in my opinion.

A Plucky Hill-Climber.

It is, as I said, a plucky hill-climber. I was a little hard on it when I took it up Pebblecombe (one in six, at the top), because I wanted to see exactly what a third speed of 8 to 1 meant in a car like this. It should be a climbing speed as well as a traffic speed. Therefore, I forbore to change down into second, as my instinct directed, at a certain spot on that familiar hill, and left the gear-lever alone. The pace was certainly dropping fast when we reached the summit, but the speed-indicator was registering nineteen miles an hour just before it began to pick up again. A very much better performance than that of the Alvis of some three years ago in the same conditions, and a very fair one compared with that of most of those in its price-class.

It is altogether a very pleasant car to drive. It picks up well on top speed in traffic and gets away readily. The carburetter needed attention rather badly, as there was a flat spot of imposing dimensions at "idle" engine speeds. This meant that it was difficult to time a gear-change properly, owing to the

hesitation when the clutch was released. You could not "rev. up" instantly. As the gear-box and clutch happen to form an excellent combination, with which one should be able to produce lightning changes, this struck me as a great pity. It is, of course, nothing but a matter of adjustment, or possibly the adoption by the makers of a different sort of carburetter. It is very odd how one carburetter will give excellent results with one engine, and poor ones with another of apparently exactly similar design.

Improved Foot-Brake.

The foot-brake, on four wheels, is a much better job than last year's. You really can stop the car when you want to, and generally as soon as you want. This is rare, believe me. I don't like the side-brake, which is only a little better than a parking-brake. Of its sort I have no doubt that it is excellent, but I have pronounced views on the duties of brakes of all kinds; and a brake which will not stop and hold the car on a stiff gradient is not, in my perhaps prejudiced opinion, a real brake. The bodywork is, like all Alvis productions, comfortable and decently finished. The upholstery is first-class, the "visibility" in the four-window carriage particularly good, and the whole car, especially the dash-board and its instrument lay-out, a thoroughly nice job. JOHN PRIOLEAU.

The eighty-eighth edition of Burke's famous "Peerage and Baronetage" is now on sale, and those whose social or business activities render it imperative for them to possess a copy of this important work will certainly desire to purchase the new edition, as the changes in the Peerage of the United Kingdom and Ireland have been numerous during the past year. Not only have twenty-six peerages been conferred, but forty-four peers have died, and nine peerages become extinct; twenty-eight baronetcies have been created, forty-three baronets have died, and seven baronetcies become extinct; while a very interesting privilege has been conferred on English and Irish baronets, as his Majesty has issued a warrant authorising all such baronets to wear a special badge on appropriate occasions. Amongst those whom the King has been pleased to honour this year with baronetcies are the King's physician, Sir Farquhar Buzzard, and his surgeon, Sir Hugh Mallinson Rigby; and the new peers include the famous surgeon,

Sir Berkeley Moynihan, and the Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who now joins the Lords as Lord Baden-Powell. "Burke's Peerage" is an exceptionally interesting volume, as, in addition to the names, titles, residences, coat-of-arms, and family of the peers, baronets, and knights of the British Peerage, it contains further extremely interesting and precise genealogical details.

In connection with our recent reproductions (in colour and otherwise) of Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell's magnificent photographs of African elephants in their native haunts, we learn that the animal shown on page 945 of our issue for Nov. 30 last should have been described as a cow elephant and not a bull elephant.

The old-established firm of James Carter and Co. has recently been incorporated into a private company under the style of Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd. There is no change in the management of the business, as the two partners remain directors, with the assistance of six of their oldest employees, who have accepted seats on the Board as co-directors.

The Austin Motor Company have received a cable from their Australian agents to the effect that both the sealed top-gear record and the light car record from Sydney to Melbourne were broken on Jan. 2 by an Austin "Twelve." The car was an ordinary standard model taken from stock and was driven by C. R. Dickason in the amazing time of thirteen hours twenty minutes.

We much regret that, through a photographer's mistake, an illustration appeared in our issue of Dec. 7 incorrectly titled as "a typical wedding of a Parsee child bride." In reality, we are informed, the photograph represents the initiation of a Parsee boy into the Zoroastrian religion, by investiture with the sacred thread, a ceremony known as *Navjole*, and somewhat analogous to Christian Confirmation. Child marriage, it should be emphasised, is not practised among the Parsees, who are regarded as the most enlightened and progressive community in India. They marry at an age much beyond the minimum fixed in the new Child Marriage Act (to come into force in April), which chiefly affects the Hindus. We are glad to have an opportunity of pointing out that we had not the slightest wish to cast any slur on the Parsees.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

THE ideal boat, like a motor-car or a house, should be one that gives little trouble and costs least to keep up in proportion to her size. A vessel built to a high specification by a first-class builder is generally the best in this respect, but, as many are unable to afford the prices of such firms, they place their orders with small yards where costs are less. There are several of these that build boats which leave nothing to be desired, but, unfortunately, there are others which, owing to the present large demand for craft, produce hulls that are doomed from the first to be unsatisfactory. They appear cheap initially, but are expensive in the long run.

The best safeguard is to have a boat built to Lloyds' requirements. On the assumption that every boat-builder knows how to put a vessel together properly, and can command the services of a good designer, a great deal depends on the timber used and its thickness (size of scantlings). Local timber that has grown in low, swampy ground should be avoided in favour of wood from high ground, which is closer-grained and more lasting.

I receive many requests to hold the hand of prospective owners when ordering their first boat and during her construction, and spend much time in doing so. Many of them approach the subject from the wrong aspect. They argue, for example, that because the vessel may be wanted for inland water cruising only, she need not be as strong as one for coastal work. A light and cheaply-built vessel will not last long when jostled and pinched in locks by the heavy commercial barges encountered on the Continent. Outwardly she may appear to suffer little from such treatment, but the time will come when mysterious deck or bottom

leaks will develop, and from that moment the second-hand value of the boat will be reduced considerably, and discomfort experienced.

Every leaky boat is a potential deterrent to novices, for it spreads the idea that the values of boats decrease as rapidly as those of motor-cars. This is not the case, for well-constructed and sound craft of ten years old have sold this year for more

oak, and pine are the next best respectively; but if the last-named wood is used, it should be thicker than in the case of the harder varieties. It costs approximately £100 more to build a 40-ft. vessel of teak than of pine.

Pine is quite satisfactory, except in hot climates, where, if exposed to the sun, it is liable to crack when a harder wood will not do so. In waters where the boring worm exists, it will also suffer from its ravages under water; but teak is immune from this trouble. For this reason many craft are built with top planking of hardwood, and the bottom of pine, which is copper-sheathed. There are various constructive alternatives, and they govern to a great extent the price of boats. They form also the excuse of several yacht-brokers for not stating the prices of the craft they advertise, instead of their favourite expression, "moderate price," which conveys nothing except that the seller is an opportunist or perhaps an optimist.

The choice of paid hands (when carried) governs the cost of upkeep to a large extent. I do not wish to be too hard on the class generally, but few of the modern type impress me either as real sailors or as the friendly shipmates that they should become to their owners, as in times past. Good and willing yacht-hands in small craft can save untold expense, but the younger generation seldom do so except under experienced owners or certified captains. They look on the novice as fair game to be bluffed, when, in their own interests, the rôle of friend and guide

should be adopted. The novice of to-day may be their employer of to-morrow. Many more moderate-sized yachts would be built were it not for the paid-hand problem, judging from opinions I hear often. I wonder, therefore, why steps are not taken to ensure a better supply of young men moulded on the lines of the older generation that is fast dying out.



AN "UNPAID HAND": THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HELMSMAN.

Though it would not be true to say that a child could carry the Elto outboard engine shown in this photograph, there is every indication that the above helmsman of two years old can drive it.

than they cost to build. Rather than buy a so-called cheap new boat, those with shallow pockets should consider the ex-Navy hulls that have been converted into pleasure craft. They are beautifully and expensively built, and are generally planked with two skins of teak, so are very strong.

A teak boat will last indefinitely, but costs more to build than a boat of other wood. Mahogany,



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THE ART OF DINING.

QUICK SERVICE ESSENTIAL.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

THERE is a story told of the great Talleyrand that hostesses will do well ever to keep in mind.

On one occasion, when dining with a friend in London, the fish course had most evidently lingered long on the way between kitchen and dining-room, and was anything but hot when partaken of. "What do you think of this fish?" said the host. "It was caught on my estate in France." "Indeed," replied Talleyrand; "but why did you not have it cooked here?"

In quick service—having things intended to be served hot really so—lies the soul of a meal, and that is why I am giving here an illustration of an arrangement that will ensure quick service. In the gas-heated dining-room seen on this page will be noted a serving-hatch, on the right-hand side of the fireplace. It is not merely a labour-saving device; it is an aid to the service of food in perfect condition, and is a convenience that should be fixed in every house in which the dining-room and kitchen adjoin.

Various methods by which food is prepared and cooked for the table also aid quick service. Served direct in the utensil in which it has cooked—such as the casserole, or the plank—without the necessity of transfer from utensil to dish, always a cooling process, food is at its best. Planking food, for instance—that is, baking it on a plank in the oven—is one of the daintiest and most palatable ways of service, and many who cannot eat oily fish or meat when cooked by ordinary means will enjoy them when baked on a plank.

To plank a steak, for instance, on one of the

boards now obtainable, fitted with rods or bars to hold the meat in place, and grooves for receiving the gravy: make the plank very hot before the fire, or in the oven, and then lay the steak on and fasten it into place. Brush the meat over with either olive-oil or warmed butter, and dust it with salt and pepper. Put the plank in the oven for at least fifteen minutes.



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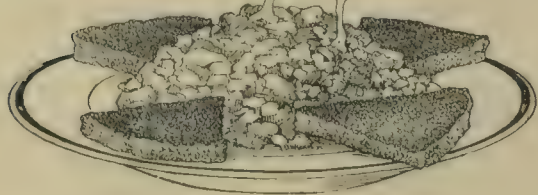
Baste the steak frequently. Have ready some freshly mashed potatoes; season them to taste and add a little butter or cream. When the steak is nearly done, take the board from the oven, and arrange the mashed potato round the meat in small mounds.

Return the board to the oven to allow the potatoes to brown nicely. Add a garnish of watercress, and, if liked, of grilled tomatoes; put the plank on a large dish and send at once to the dining-room.

Planked dishes originated long ago in the cooking of fish before an open fire near the stream where they were caught. Lovers of mackerel will appreciate this mode of cooking and serving the fish, because the oil that is in it and the properties of the specially prepared plank combine in giving excellent results. After cleaning the fish, split it down the middle. Have the plank very hot and brush it over with olive-oil. Set the fish in the centre, with the skin side downwards, and, after brushing it also lightly with oil, sprinkle it with pepper and salt. Put the plank into a hot oven and bake, basting the fish occasionally with a little hot water or fish stock and warmed butter. Just before it finishes cooking, sprinkle the mackerel with lemon-juice. As with steak, cooked vegetables may be arranged round and allowed to get hot while the fish finishes cooking.

Casseroles of various kinds are splendid aids to the perfect service of dishes; and pigeons and other small birds in season are immensely improved by being casseroled. A good way of doing this is first to clean and prepare some pigeons, and make a stuffing with four ounces of either ham or bacon mixed with two heaped tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, a little chopped parsley, salt, and pepper, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stuff the birds with this, and fasten them securely. Wrap each pigeon in thin slices of bacon and put them into a casserole with a quarter of a pint of good gravy or stock. Put on the lid of the casserole, and cook the birds in a moderate oven, basting them well. When done, remove the bacon slices and let the birds brown, and serve with bread-sauce and good gravy.

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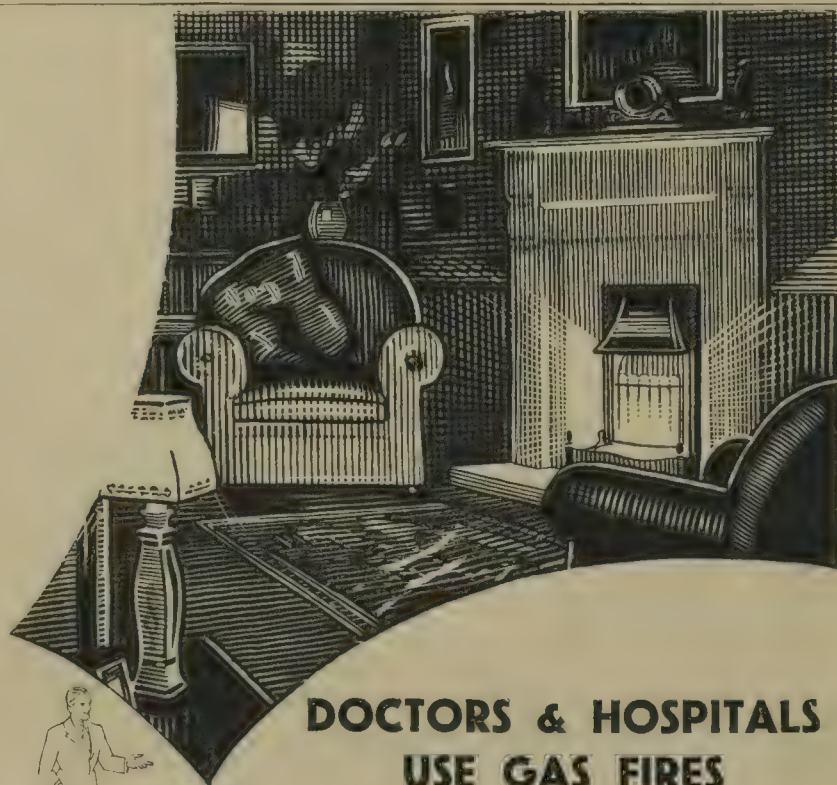
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A Page for Connoisseurs.



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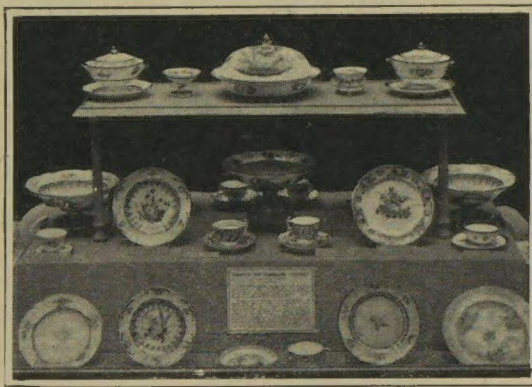
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ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS.

THE English water-colour tradition is something in which we can take a peculiar pride because, more than any other branch of art, it has evolved with little or no assistance from foreign influences. Furniture, tapestries, ceramics, painting, and architecture—all have their roots deep in a general European culture which it is impossible and absurd to ignore. But, for some unexplained reason, the method of expression which is the subject of this note proved to be extraordinarily suited to the temper of our own people. In one sense we can trace its origin back to mediæval illuminated manuscripts—in another to Holbein, who introduced miniature-painting in the fifteenth century. But both these arguable beginnings are so far removed from what is generally understood by water-colours that we can disregard them except in so far as they are of supreme importance by themselves.



SWANSEA AND NANTGARW PORCELAIN.

Productions of the two Welsh porcelain factories at Swansea and Nantgarw, collected by Mr. F. E. Andrews, of Cardiff, are now on exhibition at Norwich Castle Museum. Fine floral decoration, beautiful gilding, and ornamental borders modelled in low relief, distinguish the Swansea ware. Wm. Billingsley, the noted flower-painter from Derby, opened the Nantgarw works near Cardiff in 1811, making a glassy, soft-paste porcelain of a pellucid whiteness which excelled all other English porcelain in purity and translucency. Unfortunately the ware was often spoilt in the firing, and when Billingsley in 1814 transferred his services from Nantgarw to Swansea, experiments were made to obtain a more manageable body, the result being Swansea porcelain.

Our meaning of a water-colour is a highly finished drawing which is neither a careful portrait in miniature, nor a rough sketch for a painting in oils, nor an agreeable book illustration. Let us consider a few great names. Perhaps the most famous will be that of Turner. It is easy to stand enthralled before his great oil-paintings and forget to pull up the little blinds that protect his water-colours from the light. These smaller studies will be found to display equal, if more intimate, mastery over problems of glowing light and shade, and a no less fervent romanticism. But if Turner is to be considered the giant of his time, there are many others—his contemporaries or near contemporaries—who must be classed with him. There is, for example, John Constable, who, it cannot be too frequently emphasised, is a figure of European, and not just English, importance in the history of landscape painting.

Better known as a water-colourist, though not otherwise, is Thomas Girtin, who, like Turner, commenced in the old tradition of colouring mere topographical drawings, but soon abandoned this dry and uninspired tradition for a vivid and luminous interpretation of nature which resulted in a work of art rather than a photographic view. It was the great art patron, Dr. Thomas Monro, who helped nearly all the young artists of the period in their early struggles. At Adelphi Terrace, where he lived, he was in the habit of allowing his *protégés* to copy his collection of paintings, and paid for them with half a crown and a good supper. Thus not only Girtin and Turner, but Varley, De Wint, Cotman, Linnell, and many others owed much to his hospitality and advice.

Perhaps the name of Richard Parkes Bonington stands out among others of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, not only because of his achievement, but because of his unfulfilled promise. He died in 1828, aged twenty-seven, and he painted almost exclusively in France; yet it is said that he was the first to show the French the possibilities of the water-colour medium. It is difficult to guess what influence he might not have had upon painting in England had he been spared for even another twenty years of activity. Peter De Wint (1784-1849) is the last of this galaxy of artistic talent who can be mentioned in a brief notice. In spite of his Dutch extraction, he is the English painter *par excellence*—a great draughtsman, yet painting broadly, and with a wonderful sense of atmosphere.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RETRIBUTION.

The subjoined game was played in the "Premier Reserves" section of the Hastings Christmas tournament, in which the contestants finished first and second. Koltanowski specialises in the Philidor, though he varies the method employed by the composer of "Tom Jones." In this case the variation was disastrous, and gave Mr. Tylor a chance for a "martellato" passage leading to a triumphant coda.

(Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(T. H. Tylor.)	(G. Koltanowski.)	(T. H. Tylor.)	(G. Koltanowski.)
1. P.Q4	KtKB3	18. BQ2	
2. KtKB3	PQ3		
3. KtB3	QKtQ2		
4. PK4	PK4		
5. QBQ4	BK2		
6. Castles	Castles		
7. QK2	PxP		
8. Kt x P	RK1??		

In this Hanham-like variation, Black must play 8. — PQB3. The text-move, though threatening, is premature, and the bricking-up of the Q is rapidly fatal.

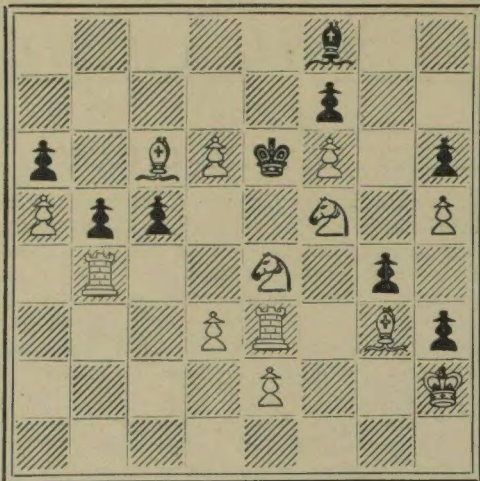
- 9. B x Pch! K x B
- 10. KtK6!! K x Kt
- 11. QBch PQ4
- 12. P x Pch KB2
- 13. PQ6ch KtQ4
- 14. P x B R x P
- 15. Kt x Kt KtK4
- 16. QBch KtR
- 17. Kt x Rch Q x Kt

- 19. QKt3
- 20. KKR1
- 21. BB3
- 22. RK3
- 23. QKR1
- 24. PKR4
- 25. PB3
- 26. PKt3
- 27. QKt5
- 28. BR1
- 29. RK7

Not, of course, RK1, because of KtB6ch! White's material advantage is now decisive.

The concluding stages are tame, and Black might have resigned ten moves earlier. If now, Q x Q, 30. R x Pch, etc. Mr. Tylor did well in last year's British championship, and is still improving.

PROBLEM No. 4063.—By REGINALD B. COOKE (PORTLAND, MAINE).
BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (13 pieces).
[In Forsyth Notation: 5b2; 5p2; p1BpKp1p; Ppp2S1P; 1R2S1p1; 3PR1Bp; 4P2K: 8.]
White to play and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4059 received from C Chapman (Modderfontein); of No. 4060 from F N (Vigo), C Chapman (Modderfontein), W G Van Doren, E D Miller, C Foss (Marysville, Cal.),

and D E B London (Seattle); of No. 4061 from F N (Vigo), A Carington Smith (Quebec), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), Senex (Darwen), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.J.), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM XXXVII received from A Heath (Rio de Janeiro); of XXXIV and XXXV from C Chapman (Modderfontein); of XXXV from F N (Vigo); of XXXVI from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.) and F N (Vigo); and of XXXVII from F N (Vigo).

Solutions to the Christmas Bon-bons will be acknowledged next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4061.—By NORRIS EASTER (BANSTEAD).
21K6; 1B1S1R1p1; 3PP1p1; 2PR1S1p1; 4K1rb; 3PR1S1; 5Q1B; 8—
in two moves.]

Keymove: Q—Q2 [Qf2—d2].

If 1. — RK7, 2. Q x P; if 1. — RB6, 2. R x P; if 1. — KB5, 2. QKt4 t; if 1. — KB6, 2. QR x Kt; if 1. — KtQ5, 2. RK5; if 1. — QKt x P, 2. R x Kt; other defences are met by R x P.

As Mr. Edward Boswell says: Norris Easter is written all over this problem, with its two flights, self-blocks, and the ingenious and novel triple pin. The mates are not easy to find, even when the key has been found, and the control of the flight-squares is a very cunning piece of craftsmanship. QKt2 is a try that has misled many.

News has reached us that the famous American tennis-player, Mr. Coen junior, will sail for Europe on Feb. 1, in order to participate in the different tournaments on the Riviera. He comes specially to endeavour to win for the second time the magnificent trophy, the Macomber Cup, which he won last year. This cup will be played for during the April tournament at the Monte Carlo Country Club.

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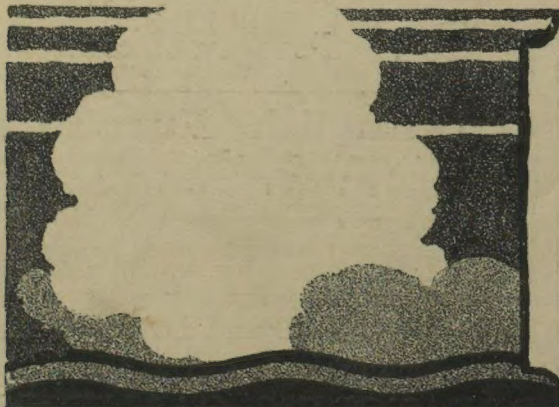
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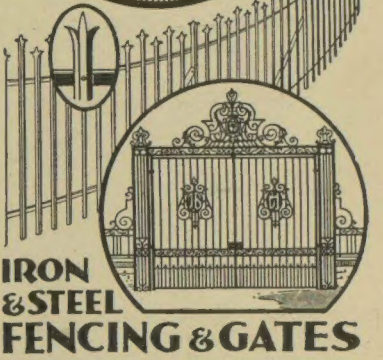
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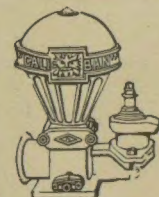
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No. 9. AYESHA. The favourite wife of the Prophet MAHOMET.

Ayesha's influence grew. Before the Moslems became sufficiently strong to capture Mecca from the Pagans and thus establish Mohammedanism as a world religion, she organised a rebellion in the harem. The Prophet had accepted as a concubine a Coptic girl, Mary, young and comely—the two qualities in a woman which Mahomet never failed to appreciate. Unlike his other wives, Mary soon gave birth to a son, Ibrahim. It is true that she was not a slave, but that she had produced a direct heir to Islam exalted her to a station far above the other members of the harem. Ayesha's envy knew no restraint.

So long as Mahomet kept his proud concubine in her own pavilion all went tolerably well. One afternoon, however, in a sudden access of affection, he hurried her to the chamber of one of the legitimate wives; and here the two were discovered in amorous attitude. The news was immediately brought to Ayesha that the good name of the harem had been besmirched, whereupon she decided upon a General Strike. The doors of the harem were closed against the Prophet, and for a month he was compelled to seek solace with Mary in the distant pavilion.

At the end of this period he desired a change. Although he promised never to see the Coptic maid again, Ayesha and her co-strikers refused to accept him back. Then Mahomet was roused to a fury; he vowed to divorce his whole harem and take other wives to his bosom. This was something for which they had not bargained . . .

"Ayesha blew on his cheeks to keep them warm and repeated the Islamic prayers for the departing; she rubbed his hands, but he motioned her to desist. Then a few more incoherent prayers, and his head settled in death on his young wife's bosom"

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